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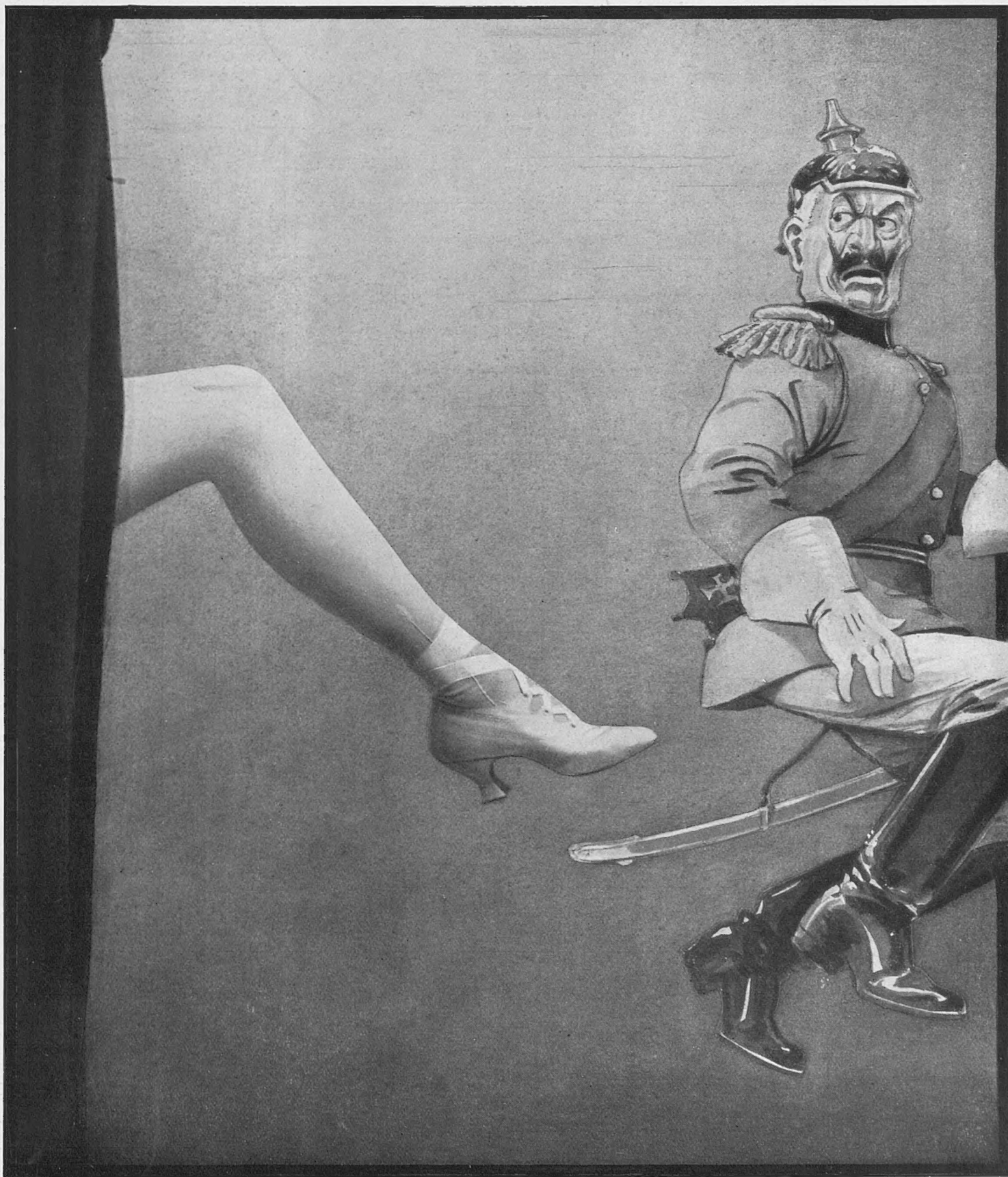
THE SKETCH CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom, and to Canada and Newfoundland by Magazine Post.

No. 1192.—Vol. XCII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1915.

With Seven Kirchners
in Colours. } ONE SHILLING.



WE KICK THE WORST SIDE OF WAR OUT OF OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER!

This illustration, let us note, is particularly appropriate as representing "The Sketch's" motto, "Art and Actuality"—it is a combination of drawing and photograph. The obliging foot belongs to that charming dancer, Miss Phyllis Monkman, and was photographed specially for us. The drawing of the Kaiser is by Alfred Leete.

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS

"BECAUSE——"

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.
(Author of "Phrynette and London"
and "Phrynette Married.")

I THOUGHT it was only we women who were fond of the word "because," but I notice that you all use it in the beginning of each letter. You write to me, you say, "because of this," or "because of that": a war episode, a word of mine that made you smile, or—"because"——

Why any "because" at all? You write to me, I suppose and hope, just because you like to! That's the best reason I know—my favourite one, anyway; so, *voilà*, in future no apology, pretext, preamble, or prologue, please!

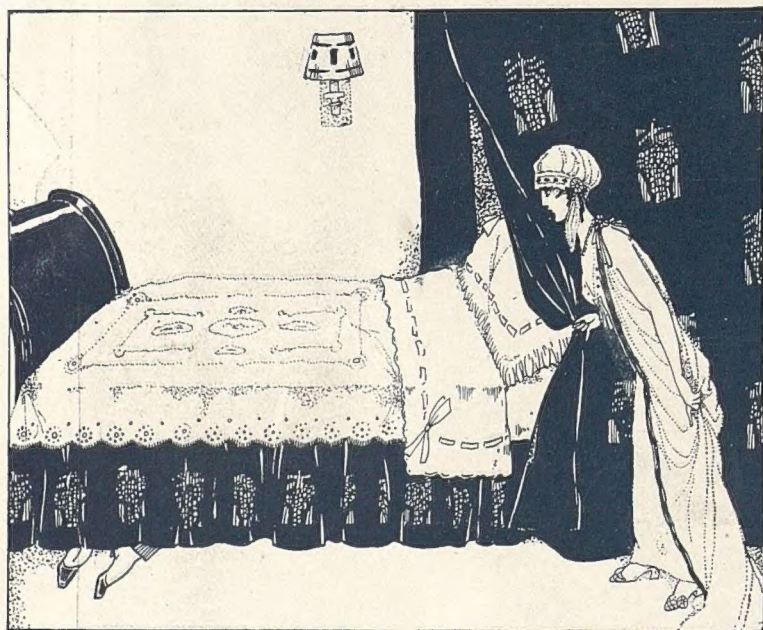
Oh, yes, I have received all your letters, and I meant to thank you and talk to you about them in my last one; but when I had finished telling you that terrible tale of the lonely Sub. and his affinity, she had filled up so much space I couldn't add another word. Thank you, then, thank you for the blue cornflower picked on the battlefield. It can't have been a cornflower really—it's too late for them; I expect it was a chicory flower (I love chicory, except in my coffee): they are very much alike, but chicory is paler. But it was not in the letter. The Censor, I suspect, scenting some sentimentality, seized it. A little blue flower can tell so much! I think that, between you and me, we must make the Censor smile some, is it not? I suppose he reads you through—so do I, of course, though I don't quote it all. By the way, Monsieur le Capitaine

Chose, I don't agree with you; I think your letter and the little story in it is quite interesting, and I am *desolate* that you won't allow me to quote it. I don't know how you are to recognise that this is meant for you, for there are quite a few Captains in the Army! However, perhaps you will remember writing this paragraph: "Just say something in one of your next letters to show you have received it." Well, I have, and liked it vastly, and please don't appear to be sorry for me for "having to wade through this sort of rot." It is not rot of any sort, Sir! I value every one of the letters from every one of you, Messieurs, and each teaches me something. "Very good luck" to you, too!

Thank you, Monsieur the other, for the photograph of the puppy. I like puppies very much. He looks a very good-tempered pet to

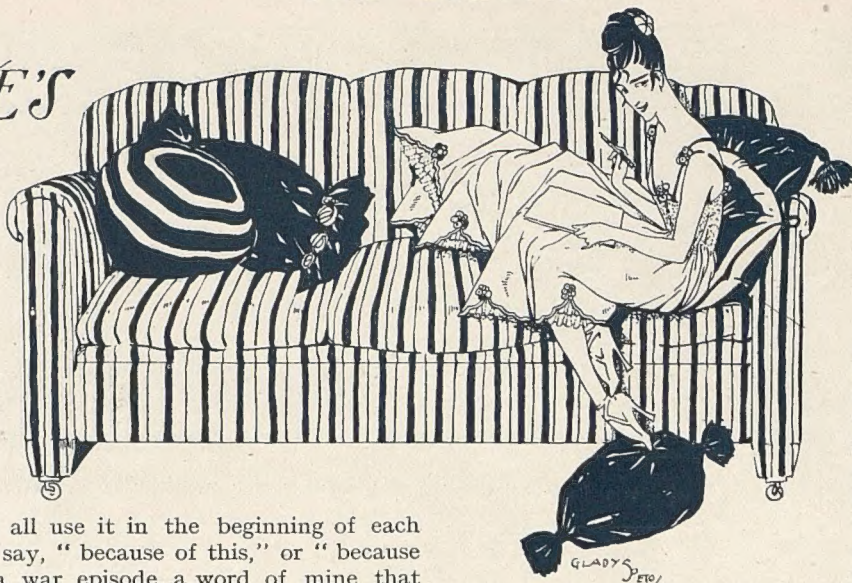


"I love chicory, except in my coffee."



"Unless I saw them peeping out from under my bed one night."

snap—what! It is somewhat indistinct of the dog, but you are very clear. You don't mind my teasing you, do you? No; you, too, look very good-tempered.



TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

Thank you, also, 'T. S. H.," for the view of Rouen's heaven-kissed cathedral. Its lace-work of stone thrilled me with joy. And you know, "T. S. H.," that thrill is not due altogether to the beauty of the carved saints and spires, but partly because I do realise that the cathedral and I, and all the cathedrals and all the other Phrynettes of France (whatever

their names are), owe you and the brave others over there *une fière chandelle*. As you have lived in my country so long, I don't need to translate this, but I will for some of your comrades. A *fière chandelle*—in English, "a proud taper"—means a proof of gratitude.

And now I'll open just one more of the letters on my lap—haphazard, like this: no favouritism—before telling you of London doings. This one I feel I must fully quote, as it will make Gladys glad (Gladys is Peto's pretty name).

"DEAR MADAME PHRYNETTE,—I received a shock not long ago. Coming home from Flanders, when upon the quay-side, I saw a pair of pale fawn spats—the owner being hidden by the deck-awning—but the neatly trousered legs and the spats came as an awful shock" (well, I am not a bold Captain, but to spot a pair of spatted boots would never give me a shock, unless, of course, I saw them peeping out from under my bed one night—I am not brave with burglars! Where was I?)—"an awful shock, after months of khaki and mud. The ghost, as it were, of a former civilisation.

"And to-day there was another." (What—ghost or civilisation? Well, change is pleasant, isn't it? Perhaps do you mean another shock?)

"*The Sketch* lay clean and inviting on the ante-room table. As usual, I sought first the page upon which Phrynette and Peto always come. No luck! And then, disappointed, I searched from the beginning. Great triumph! Two big pages to read, and many saucy sketches to look at." (You should see me lapping it all up, as pleased as Punch; though why do you say that, seeing that Punch had the hump?)

"Phrynette, never having seen you, may I imagine you to look what I like?" (But certainly do, and the nicer you imagine me the *pleasedier* I shall be.) "And as you have neither seen nor heard of me, may I tell you that, as a Captain of —, I have two chargers. From the beginning, all my own horses have always been called P's—Pauline, Pavlova, and so on. These two (left at —, bad luck!) were called Phrynette and Peto. It was the best I could do in the way of a compliment." (Thank you, and I hope never to be "left," like my horsy homonym.) "My groom would say in the morning, 'And which is it to be to-day, Sorr, Frinate or the Pet?' And I would choose one if I wanted to be reminded of a sparkling, rather naughty" (tut-tut!) "dinner-table duologue" (I'm afraid it's more a monologue when I like my neighbour), "and the other if I wished to think for a little while of dark corners" (then would not you just revel in London just now!) "and silk-encased ankles, or saucy, fur-edged pyjamas." (Well, your dark corners could not be so very dark, or else you could not see in the dark so much that is fair. But if you had been a Cossack you could have ridden both horses at the same time, with one foot on each saddle, a lance in one hand, and read *The Sketch* with the other!)

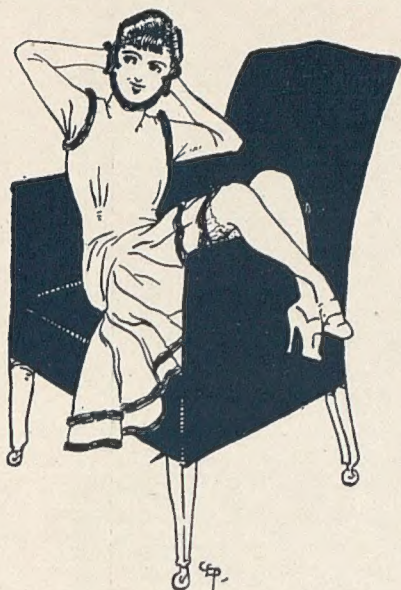
"Believe me, there is nothing more eagerly read and looked at out there than *The Sketch's* dainty page. It's the soul, as it were, of what we are fighting for. It is one of the few printed pages which express the happiness of London and old England.

"Men get home-sick, though they fight against the feeling, and will never own to it. And your page, Madame Phrynette, is" (perhaps I should keep the rest for myself) "the most wonderful



"In London just now."

salve I know." I couldn't write it down without a slow, enjoyable blush from my heels to my comb—but it does not show; I am in a "dark corner." You are not the only one to like them!



"Silk-encased ankles."

The woman who teaches is an extraordinarily clever and masterful little lady whom I admire immensely. She can talk, *oh, plutôt!* and she can scold so splendidly. She addresses her titled pupils as Mrs. Grimcroak, say, for instance, instead of Lady Gimcrack. Oh, there is a lot in a name in that Academy! I have not seen her use the ruler yet, but it's quite possible she keeps one up her sleeve. She has no mercy on her distinguished disciples. She tells them she will treat them like brats—and she does.

"Now, then, Mrs. Grimcroak"—Lady Gimcrack shudders, but says nothing—"you must never stop in the middle of a sentence, unless, of course, it is to emphasise your point; but" (ferociously) "there was no point!"

Lady Gimcrack is very near to tears.

"Don't stare at me; I am not a source of inspiration! Why did you stop? What?—out of breath! Nonsense, Mrs. Jincrow! Put that big diamond pendant of yours in your mouth and run up to my boudoir and down again three times, as Demosthenes used to do—and not by the lift, mind you, by the stairs—and recite your speech as you climb up. I'll teach you how to breathe."

Naughty, naughty Demosthenes, so he used to run up to the lady's boudoir two or three times a day—what! Still, it must be quite an old affair, so we'll shut our indulgent eyes.

I dared not even smile, I might get spanked!

As for me, I am not learning to speak. I just go there for the fun of the thing—to watch very red and mortified ladies—who in their own drawing-room can, in half-an-hour, demolish half-a-dozen reputations, build up as many marriages, and describe a whole trousseau without a stop or the flutter of an eyelid—stammer, stutter, and strangle themselves in attempting to say, "Men of England" to a handful of feminine friends.

Personally, I don't think it necessary for a woman to acquire eloquence to improve her powers of persuasion so long as she can whisper prettily with her head on one side, has a dimple, intelligent eye-lashes, supple wrists, and two little, expressive white hands. And by the way, have you noticed that *poudre-de-riz* does not show at all so much on khaki as it does on black cloth lapel and collar. This is an irrelevant remark, which, of course, has nothing to do with the above paragraph. Oh, *pas du tout!* But I know you always allow me to wander wildly. You'd rather, I know, that I should be a sociable companion than a

social column! You'd rather I told you of things that touch you personally than, for instance, that Lady Farthingale has just been operated upon for crows'-feet. Or that the Hon. Marmaduke Veer de Veer, having been sent to recuperate at Homestaid-Maid Farm

(you know, one of the new fashionable farms with a splendid motor-car service to town), has proved such a sweet Sub. to have on the premises that the promising pupils in the art of milking cows and shearing pigs, Lady Sybil Merrybell, her two sisters and her three cousins, have all been, in succession, milking the same cow in different attitudes, until the other neglected cows, taking their udder into their own hands, so to speak (do you say rudder or tiller?), trotted off to London town to sell their milk themselves! Of course, this is nonsense, but, then, so are *your* letters, some of them, the nice, chummy ones; and, in truth, Moira tells me that farms are the weirdest places you can imagine. Everybody there is in bed at eleven; yes, fancy! even worse than in London! And they get up at five o'clock in the morning to make the cock crow. I asked why, and she said she thought it was a sort of superstition dating from Chantecler.

And, talking of town, when you come up on leave you must go and see "L'Enfant Prodigue"—you'll love it. There is Yvonne Arnaud in it in the part of a girl called Phrynette. Yes, like me; and, of course, Yvonne Arnaud is a darling; but Phrynette—the character in the play, you know—she is a



"In a 'dark corner.' You are not the only one to like them."

callous little coquette who chucks poor Pierrot when he is poor. I love Pierrot, don't you? Every Pierrot, I mean, with his long, pale, piteous face and large, pathetic eyes, like two stars set in a winter sky, and his turned-down mouth and dancing, restless feet and helpless hands. I love Pierrot as I love Hamlet: to me they are like two brothers, somehow, though Hamlet is a Prince of the Earth and Pierrot the son of the Moon. They are two lovable, crazy creatures. Mlle. Mielly is a fine Pierrot, but it seems to me that to look like the ideal White Boy, one should have starved under the roofs and wept tears from

between the nasturtium-pots on the tragic back of a hungry dog baying below at a moon irritatingly round. But, of course, 'tis not everybody who can afford to starve!

When we went to see "L'Enfant Prodigue" on the first night, Landon Ronald was conducting. He said it was like "flirting with his old love," because, it seems, it's fifteen years ago since he first conducted this musical play. Surely this beats the record for constancy, what! But, then, you know, the music is delicious; it dribbles from your ears down your neck and down your spine like warm drops of perfume. I love those pleasurable little shivers, don't you? I think it must be lovely to go and hear "L'Enfant Prodigue" with someone who is, or, rather, someone who is not—I mean—oh, well—I went with Aunt Barbara, you see!

She took me there because she thought, judging by the title, that it was a Scotch play—a Biblical play, you know. But when she saw it was so French, she was sorry she took me; and when Pierrot, thrown over and miserable, is unstarching his ruff with his tears, Aunt Barbara said it was a good lesson for this dissolute young man.

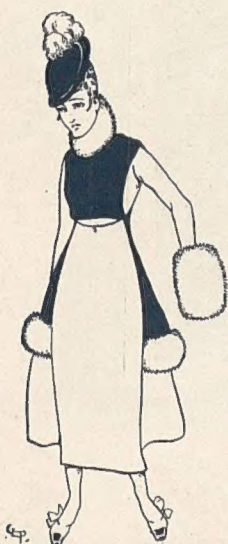
Another show you must go to if you are on leave in town on Dec. 14 is at the Queen's Theatre, where there is going to be a matinée in memory of one of your comrades—that heroic boy, Harold Chapin. The programme will be composed of several of his short plays. All London artistic will be there, for we all loved the gentle genius. With the proceeds of the performance will be built a Harold Chapin Memorial Hut at the front, so I suppose it is of interest to you all.



"Your Society speakeresses seek eloquence."



"Naughty, naughty Demosthenes."



"Lady Gimcrack is very near to tears."

BRANCHES OF THE FAMILY TREE OF THE TREE FAMILY.



WITH HER TWO SONS: MISS VIOLA TREE (MRS. ALAN PARSONS), ELDEST DAUGHTER OF SIR HERBERT TREE.

The wedding of Miss Viola Tree and Mr. Alan Parsons, son of the Rev. F. W. Parsons, Vicar of Tandridge, took place in July 1912, and their elder son, Alexander Denys Herbert, was born in the following year. At his christening, it may be recalled, he had distinguished sponsors—Mr. Asquith, Sir James Barrie, Sir George Alexander, Lady Anglesey, and Lady Jekyll. He was presented at the font by the Duchess of Rutland.

His younger brother is named Ian David. Last March, our readers will remember, Miss Viola Tree made a reappearance on the stage, at the Ambassadors' Theatre, in a one-act comedy, "Dinner for Eight," which was specially written for her by Mr. E. F. Benson. Miss Tree made a distinct success and received a cordial welcome.—[*Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.*]

CUDDLEY DOLLS.



INTERESTED IN CUDDLEY DOLLS: MISS MARIE LÖHR, THE FAMOUS YOUNG ACTRESS.

Miss Marie Löhr, the Lady Ware of "The Ware Case," at Wyndham's—a theatre which advertises at the moment "Evening-dress optional; but unfashionable"—is seen here with Cuddley Dolls, invented by an artist in the Three Arts' workroom, and made by that very deserving institution, the Three Arts Women's Employment Fund. Most of the big shops in London sell the dolls; and they can be bought also (with various equally amusing relations) from the Three Arts' Fund Shop, at 2, Chalfont

Court, Upper Baker Street, London. Buyers of toys made by the Fund may be assured that they will get not only very pleasing presents for the youngsters, but help to keep in work members of the artistic profession who have been "hit" by the war. With regard to the Cuddley Doll, it may be added that, when she visited the work-rooms, Queen Alexandra assisted in making one, and this was sold by auction at the Three Arts Souvenir Luncheon at the Savoy.

Photograph by Foulsham and Eanfield, Ltd.



DODGER MIKE.

BY PATRICK MCGILL.

(AUTHOR OF "CHILDREN OF THE DEAD END.")

ILLUSTRATED BY CYRUS CUNEO.

"AND what about Dodger Mike?"

asked the potman, fingering his brass watch-chain and looking at Moleskin Joe, the big navvy. "Him that ye mentioned a while since."

Joe was in that stage of enjoyment when the flavour of the sixth glass is a sweet remem-

brance, and the glory of the seventh is anticipated. He had been telling stories all evening, and the listeners stood round open-mouthed and paid for drinks.

"Dodger Mike?" said Moleskin, scraping the heel of his pipe with a nail. "Ah, that was a time! But my tongue's like a river," he added.

"That is to say?" said the potman.

"That it doesn't run on when it's dry. That's the kind of it now, and that's how it was most always."

The lean man with the bulbous nose slapped a shilling on the counter, the potman drew a cork and filled a glass, Moleskin grunted "Here's luck!" and drank.

"Dodger Mike was a sly rogue, a fly rogue, a rogue and a half," said Moleskin, as he wiped his lips with a clay-caked hand. "Came up to Kinlochleven, he did, when we navvies were buildin' there. A queer, wizened-lookin' fellow he was, dry as my tongue will be when this story is at an end and when this glass is empty, but, for all that, the 'cutest cadger in the world. The first day after comin' he filled a bottle with water, stuck it in his trousers-pocket, went into the tavern and ordered a pint of booze. The barman handed the stuff over the counter, Mike stuck the bottle in his pouch, and handed the bar-tender a half-crown piece.

"'This is a bad un,' said the bar-tender, ringin' the coin on the counter. 'Pay fair money or gi'me my bottle back.'

"'Haven't another screw between me and charity,' says Mike.

"'Then fork out the bottle,' says the barman. Mike gave a bottle back, but it was the bottle of water, and, it bein' like the other, no one noticed the difference. The Dodger tried the same trick on again about a week after, but the barman knew his ways by this time, and Mike got two black eyes. One bottle of whisky wasn't worth that, mates—that's what I say."

Moleskin gulped down a mouthful of the stuff in his glass.

"Booze goes down quick one way and another," he said, gazing sorrowfully at the half-empty glass. "Mind, I'm not sayin' that one doesn't get good measure here, or that my thirst is more'n some people's; but, all the same, the booze does go uncommon quick. I mind once when a keg of beer got bursted as it was goin' along the streets o' Paisley—Ah, Mike? I was forgettin' him. He was a one for roguery. Played a great joke on us men at Kinlochleven, and made fools of everyone there—everyone barrin' me.

"Mike had a little hut, a buildin' with room to turn in and nothin' more, all to himself. Slept there, ate there, and got drunk there, did the man. His bed was a blanket and a plank, his grub tough steak—tough as the stake the steak was tied to when it was alive—mouldy crusts, mucky tea, cheese all mag-gots, butter all smell. We all grew lean on the same kind of feedin'. He wasn't a bad worker, Mike, and he wasn't a good worker—just that kind of worker that you meet everywhere and one that you wouldn't look at twice. No one would think that there was anything more'n his head than a comb could take out. But there was—a good lot in that man's noddle.

"'Twas one mornin' that we rose to see half-a-dozen notices stuck here and there over the navvy camp at Kinlochleven. These notices were writ with chalk on pieces of slate, half on one side of every piece of slate and half on the other, and this was the way that the notices ran—I mind every word of them—

"'Mike Flavin' (that was his full name) 'holds a grand entertainment in his residence to-night, six-thirty p.m. The items include—turn the slate—Limelight Views; The Great Swimming Match; Cork Exhibition (Mr. Flavin was born in Cork). Thought Reading and Character Reading at a Glance. Admission Sixpence. Come early to avoid the crush.'

"Mind ye, there was talk goin' when the notices was read. Mike never came out to his shift that day—indeed, no sight was to be



"And after that there was a scrimmage, and somehow most of us got mixed up in it."

got of his phiz at all, but all felt certain that this was because he was busy gettin' up a grand entertainment. There promised to be some excitement, and we were glad of that, for, barrin' a few fights

(Continued overleaf.)

LOVAT'S, BUT NOT SCOUTS: A HOME DEFENCE FORCE.



Master; Wife; Daughter.

WIFE OF LORD LOVAT AND DAUGHTER OF LORD RIBBLESDALE: LADY LOVAT AND HER TWO CHILDREN,
THE MASTER OF LOVAT AND THE HON. MARJORY FRASER.

The marriage of Lord Lovat and the Hon. Laura Lister took place in 1910. Lady Lovat is the second of the three daughters of Lord Ribblesdale, whose recent remarks in the House of Lords on the subject of the Dardanelles have provoked a good deal of criticism. Her husband, Lord Lovat, has been invalided home from Gallipoli. In

the South African War, it will be remembered, he raised the famous force known as Lovat's Scouts. Lord and Lady Lovat have two children. The son and heir, the Hon. Simon Christopher Joseph Fraser, Master of Lovat, was born on July 9, 1911, and his sister, the Hon. Marjory Muriel Charlotte Fraser, in 1913.

Photograph by Swaine.

(six to the hour or so), and a few accidents (one a day or so), and a game or two of cards goin' on constant day and night, there wasn't much else doin'. Men want somethin' lively at times, somethin' new and excitin', and there were hundreds of navvies out there in Kinlochleven, away from everywhere and everything, wantin' somethin' new and excitin'. Dodger Mike's entertainment promised to be a good one, and each man of us was talkin' about it all day long. No one knew what it was goin' to be exactly, and they made guesses about it in just the same way as a man and woman not long married makes guesses about the child to be born to them, and them wonderin' whether it's to be a girl or a boy.

"Carrotty Dan, mate of my own he was, knew a lot about limelight views—at least, he swore he did, and said that they were the finest things to be seen. 'Even great play-actors like better'n anything to be in the limelight,' he said. Old Owen Riordan, ganger of the night-shift squad, declared that there would be nothing better, judgin' by the programme, than the Cork Exhibition. Owen himself had once been at an exhibition in Cork, and declared that it was one of the finest sights to be seen in the whole world. Red Billy Davis, that once worked at Dover, saw some great man tryin' to swim the Channel, and said that he would pay a bob to see a swimmin' match alone. Character-readin' and thought-readin' was what interested me most, and I would go any money with anybody in the place that Mike couldn't read one thought of mine; but no one would stake a tanner against me. And that was lucky—for me.

"As soon as work was stopped that night everybody in the place assembled in front of Dodger Mike's hut. Crowded! I never saw anything like it in all my natural. The night-shift men refused to do a hand's-turn until they seed the entertainment, and their gangers winked the other eye and came with their men to the party.

"For a while Mike made no appearance, but at last, when he opened the door, he was as solemn-lookin' as a judge passin' sentence of death. In one hand he carried a little piece of white paper, and he looked at this as if he was readin' somethin', and when he did this he looked the most impressive fellow that ever I clapped my peepers on—a head-of-the-house man he looked, so to speak.

"Gentlemen," he cried, all at once, 'form into a coo.'

"That caused an uproar. Red Billy Davis, who was a half-boiled boss, said that he had a right to be first; then Carrotty Dan, liftin' his fist, said somethin' about turnin' Billy's nose in a way that wasn't natural, and after that there was a scrimmage, and somehow most of us got mixed up in it. When one fight was finished doubts as to who had got the best of it would lead to another, and then another. All the time Mike stood at the door, serious as the Angel Gabriel on the last day.

"Attention, gentlemen, please," he said at last.

"We cocked up our ears to listen, and the fights came to an end.

"I have prepared this entertainment at considerable cost," says Mike, 'and it has entailed a considerable amount of labour. My room in here is limited,' says he, pointin' a dirty finger over his shoulder at the hut, 'so I can only receive one of an audience at a time. If it should happen that the audience is not satisfied, I'll

pay him his money back and let him go. But, as far as I can judge, no one will leave this place not highly pleased with the entertainment. Before I open the door,' he went on, 'I may say that I've put a coatin' of paint on the window so that none outside may look in. If you, gentlemen, could do that, it might be that after seein' all from the outside you wouldn't come in, and, as it costs me time and money to get up this show, I cannot take no risks.'

"Mike stopped for a moment and looked round at the crowd as if countin' them; then he said: 'The show is now opened. First man this way, and all pay as they enter.'

"Red Billy Davis, first at everything except his work, went in and the door closed after him. The fightin' outside started again, everyone wantin' to get in front of the other. Never did I see anything like it!

"Red Billy was in about five minutes, and when he came out he looked a bit doubtful of himself.

"What is it like, Billy?' we called to him.

"The best thing I ever sawed in my natural," he answered.

'I'm goin' in again if ye'll allow me. It's only another tanner anyway, and the show is worth it.'

"Carrotty Dan, short-tempered fellow that he is, made some remark about twistin' a nose again, and that nose, he said, would be Red Billy's, the man who wanted first place and every other place in everything. Davis became quiet, and Carrotty Dan himself went in next. When he came out he was beamin' like a cherub. 'Most marvellous thing in all the world,' he said, and the fights for first places started fiercer than ever.

"By this time I was edgin' up to the front, and my knuckles were sore blackenin' the eyes of them that said that they'd a better right to a first place than I had. But fightin' was a dry work, almost as dry as tellin' about it when the glass is empty."

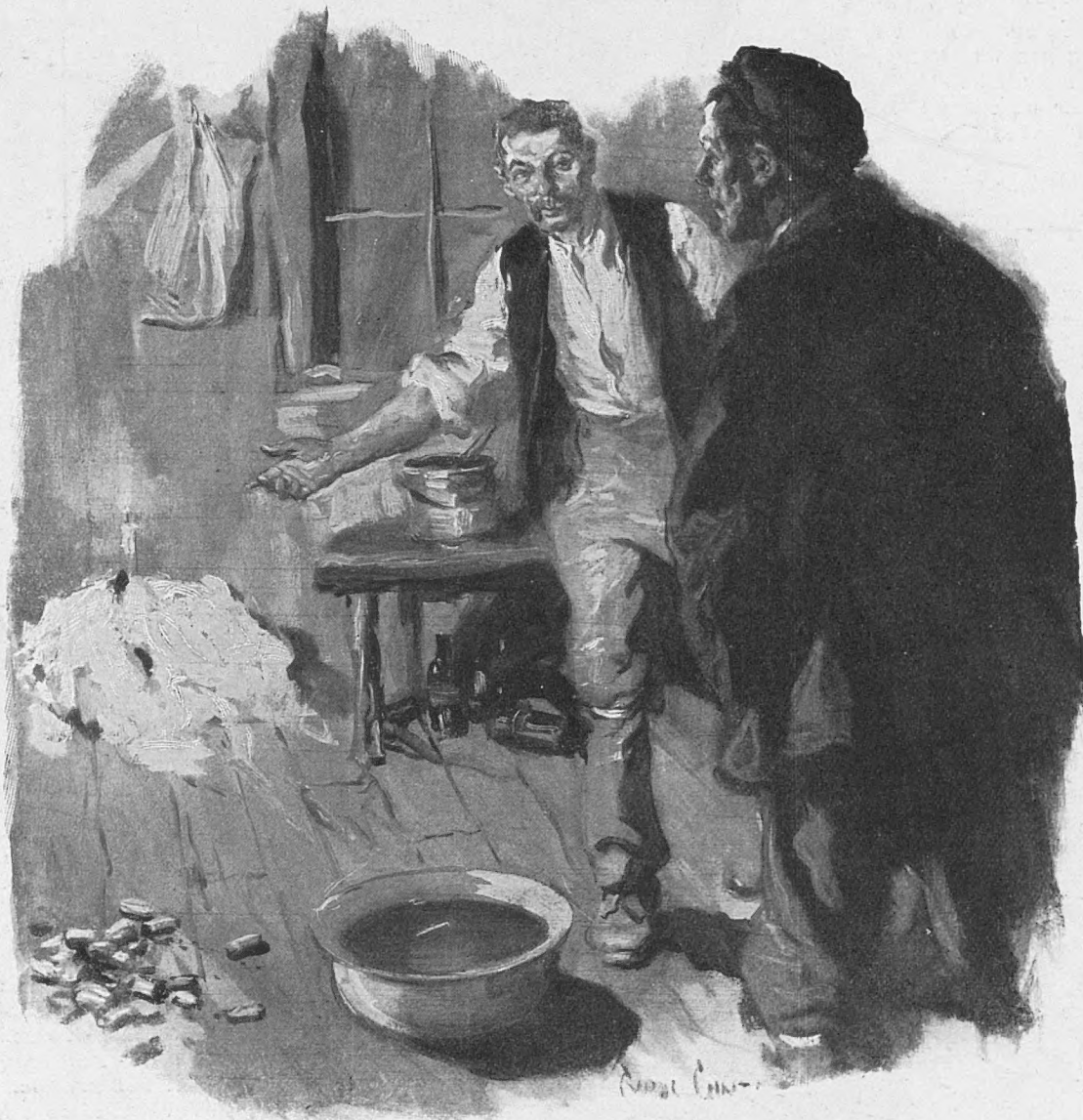
The lean man with the bulbous

nose remarked that he had bought the last glass; the potman remembered that it was his own turn.

"Thank you," said Moleskin, as he gulped down a mouthful. "This is heavenly. I'd have given a lot for a glass like this that evenin', but the tavern was a stone's-throw away, and there was two hundred men behind me in the row. 'It will be hard to fight my way from the tail-end up to here again when I come back,' I said, and I made up my mind to stay where I was. But that wasn't to be; the day had been a hot one—hot as the hob of perdition, and I'm naturally a dry man. So it was that I padded off to the tavern, had a crock or two, or maybe three, and came back with three bottles or more in my pocket. That put me in a merry mood—in that kind of mood, you know, when a man doesn't care whether he is first or last. I hung on to the tail end of the row, and said to myself, that I could have a real good look at everything if I was last to go to the show and nobody comin' after me.

"A lot had been in and saw the business by this time, and every one, from Billy Davis, the red-jowled ganger, to Bowdy Thum, the one-armed nipper, were joobulant about it. Never saw anything like it in all their days, they said; and Carrotty Dan borrowed a tanner from me, sayin' that he wanted to go in again later in the

[Continued overleaf.]



"That's a Limelight View; and the pile of corks is the Cork Exhibition."

THE 10, DOWNING STREET WEDDING: THE BRIDE.



IN THE CABINET ROOM, 10, DOWNING STREET: MISS VIOLET ASQUITH, WHOSE MARRIAGE
TO MR. MAURICE BONHAM CARTER WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY, (NOV. 30).

The engagement of the Prime Minister's daughter, by his first marriage, Miss Violet Asquith, was first announced on July 5, and the wedding was to take place on July 27. But Miss Asquith went to Egypt to see her brother, who was ill, and there contracted typhoid fever. Happily, she made a quick recovery, and her wedding to Mr. Maurice Bonham Carter, who for some years has been her father's private secretary, was arranged to take place at St. Margaret's, on Nov. 30. On Nov. 25 a presentation of a

wedding-gift from Members of the House of Commons was made to Miss Asquith in the Speaker's Room at the House of Commons, the Prime Minister being present. The bride is much interested in social reform, and has often spoken in public. She is clever and much liked. Mr. Bonham Carter is a son of Mr. Henry Bonham Carter, of Hyde Park Square, and is an old Winchester boy and Balliol man. Mrs. Bonham Carter will not relinquish her philanthropic interests.—[Camera-Portrait by Hugh Cecil.]

night. But Carroty forgot about his intention afterwards, for I saw him steal down to the tavern, and when it was near midnight he came back, brisk as a bell and tipsy as a tinker, and singing like a lark.

"When the darkness fell there was still a big crowd waiting, and the tail end was far away from the door. It wasn't a very



"I painted that son of Cork, Mike Flavin, green from head to heel."

clear night either, and I couldn't hardly see Mike's shack from where I was standin'. Only now and again I could see a little ray of light streamin' out from under the door. But that was very seldom, and only happened in the time that elapsed between one man gettin' up and another gettin' down to peep in. But they could see nothing inside under the door, and, as I've said, the window was out of the question because it was covered with green paint.

"At last it came to my turn when it was an hour after midnight. The door opened; I went in and paid my tanner to Mike, who was standin' waiting, lookin' tired and very serious. I took one look round the place, then another, and there was very little to be seen except a basin half full of water on the floor, a pile of beer-bottle corks in one corner, and a heap of lime with a candle stuck on top of it in another, and, last of all, a pot of green paint on the wooden seat near the window.

"What's this?" I asked.

"My entertainment," says Mike, bold as brass. 'This is a show ooneek in every way,' he went on, without givin' me time to say a word. 'In the centre of the basin on the floor ye'll see a match, an ordinary wax match floatin' on the water. That's the Swimmin' Match. In one corner of the room ye'll see a heap of lime with a candle on top—that's a Limelight View; and the pile of corks is the Cork Exhibition. The two concludin' items on the bill is thought-readin' and character-readin', and I'm sure that you're thinkin' now that you're a fool for partin' with your sixpence; and I'm no judge of character if I don't agree with you in thinkin' the same.'

"I was flabbergasted, completely flabbergasted. Havin' waited all night, longer than anybody to see this! Me—Moleskin Joe! I couldn't stomach it.

"I'm not half as big a fool as I look!" I roared. 'No, nor half as big a fool as you take me to be!' I went on.

"Perhaps not," says Mike. 'But you'll be a great big

greenhorn if you go out now and tell about all you've seen here. Them that's comin' after you will not come at all,' says Mike; 'and if this leaks out they'll have the laugh on you.'

"Is that what you said to everyone that came here this night?" I asked.

"To everyone," was the answer.

"To Red Billy and Carroty Dan?"

"To both," was the answer. 'And none of them gave me away, for they wanted the rest to be taken in as they were themselves.'

"But did ye not see that there'd be a last man," I says to him, 'and he'd be loth to go out and be laughed at by all the rest?'

"I never thought of that," answered Mike.

"I'm the last of the row," I said. 'They'll have no need to keep a close tongue outside now, and when I go into the open again they'll turn their laughin' on to me same as if I was the only greenhorn in the place.'

"But there had to be some last man," says Mike. 'I can only say that I'm sorry that the last man should be yerself.'

"Ye'll be sorrier in a minute!" I roars, puttin' on an angry face and glowerin' at the Dodger. 'Callin' me a greenhorn, ye Cork Exhibition swindler! Begob, I'll make an exhibition of ye!' I roared. 'I'll make ye a greenhorn if ever there was one. Peel to the pelt!' I ordered him.

"I'll give ye back yer tanner," he said, his teeth chatterin'.

"Keep yer tanner," I said to him. 'Ye got it fair and square and above board. That's not the bone I've to pick with ye. Ye called me, Moleskin Mike, a greenhorn, and that's a sin that it'll take some penance to wipe out, my fine fellow. Peel to the pelt!' I shouted again, fiercer than ever, and he peeled.

"And as he stood before me, bare to the buff and his knees shakin' under him, I caught hold of a brush that was lyin' beside the Cork Exhibition and painted that son of Cork, Mike Flavin, green from head to heel, green as his own window, green as the head of a drake—a credit to the south of his own country and an insult to the north. Except when he opened his eyes and mouth, he was all one colour from head to foot when I had finished with him.

"Who's a greenhorn now?" I asked.

"Me," he answered.

"Sure?" I inquired.

"Sure enough," he replied.

"Then Mike Flavin, from Cork, will you go outside just now as ye are at present and tell everybody that's waitin' that ye are a greenhorn and that Moleskin Joe is the cleverest man in Kinlochleven," I said to him. 'I'll keep yer money for ye till ye come back, so shunt!'

"He shunted—went out and spoke as I ordered him to. Ye should have heard the roarin' outside, and the cheer that went up for me, Moleskin Joe. When Mike came back I gave him his money, every farthing, and even my own tanner. I did that—aye, and more. I washed him down—rubbed the paint from his hair and every limb



"He shunted—went out and spoke as I ordered him to."

of him. But I don't think that he liked to be painted green, for next mornin' he went out from Kinlochleven, and we never saw Mike the Dodger afterwards."—[THE END.]

BREVITY AND WIT.



"Dash it all, Maria! That dress is much too short!"

"Well, you told me I'd got to economise, and the stuff was fourteen shillings a yard."

DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

The Brutal Male. A well-known and successful writer once laid down for me the following axiom: "The woman must always suffer."

"Why?" said I.

He laughed. "Well, you try the other thing, and see what happens."

"But, in life," I objected, "it isn't always the woman who suffers."

"I didn't say it was," he retorted.

"In fact, I imagine that men suffer just as much as women."

"Very likely."

"If not more."

"Possibly."

"Then will you be good enough to explain your axiom?"

He shook his head. "I'm only giving you the benefit of my experience."

"But do your men never suffer?"

"Not now."

"Did they once?"

"When I was very young."

"Since when you have learnt more about life?"

"And written less."

"In bulk?"

"Oh, no. My output has considerably increased."

"Since you discovered that the woman must always suffer?"

"Since I left off studying life and studied the markets."

Suffering Woman. This cynical person came into my

head the other night as I sat in a railway-carriage with a man and his wife, both complete strangers

THROUGH THE HEART AGAIN! THE CUPIDITY OF MR. WILKIE BARD, IN "THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN," AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM.

That very popular comedian, Mr. Wilkie Bard, is one of the pillars of the Palladium, so to speak, in the new piece, "The Whirl of the Town." He is as amusing as ever.

to me. The woman was large, high-coloured, robust. The man was small, gingery-grey about the head, sallow to pale in complexion.

A porter, who had never really studied elocution, recited his poem for the moment.

"What did he say?" demanded the lady.

"I didn't quite catch it," replied the brutal husband.

"But are you sure this is the right train?"

"I think it is."

"What's the good of thinking it is? You'd better ask."

"I'm practically certain it is."

"Oh, well, I'll ask."

"No, no! Let me do it!" He began to raise the blind. At that moment the train made a false start.

"It's no use doing it when the train's going," withered the lady.

"No," he said, with an embarrassed smile in my direction.

"Well, are you going to ask or are you not?"

Certainly.

Again he fumbled with the blind, and the train started before he had succeeded in lowering the window.

"You really are the most maddening person!" she told him.

She retired behind her paper and sniffed. She sniffed quite regularly, like a sniffing-machine. . . . She was wearing a veil. . . . I wondered if sniffing with perfect regularity would appeal to a reasonable judge as an excuse for wife-murder.

I caught the eye of the little man. Silently, we made friends.

"Could you tell me," he ventured at last, "if this train goes to Purworth?"

"Quite right," I assured him.

The lady lowered the journal and scanned me from head to foot and back again. I happened to be in uniform. Without benefit of braid.

"Not a bad photograph of Lady Torquay," she observed icily, showing her husband one-hundredth of a tightly clenched page. "How she's altered since I was at school with her!"

The brutal males subsided.

"A Journal of Breezy Comment."

I beg to acknowledge receipt of the first number of the *Dead Horse Corner Gazette*, officially described as "A Monthly Journal of Breezy Comment." The price is one franc, and it is to be "published, when possible, by the 4th Batt. First Canadian Contingent, B.E.F., on Active Service."

"Altogether," writes the Editor, "life in the particular locality whence this initial issue of the *Gazette* emanates has not been especially irksome or dangerous, and those of us who are destined to live through this war will cherish many pleasant memories of the days spent here."

That is a cheery view of the situation which alone justifies the existence of the *Dead Horse Corner Gazette*. In fact, the one gruesome touch in the whole production is the title.

Here are one or two extracts—

"WANTED TO KNOW:

"Who is the member of the Second Contingent who, when on leave in London recently, wore cord breeches, Fox's spiral puttees, a cane, tan gloves, and patent-leather shoes? And if it would not be advisable, in the interests of science, to preserve to posterity this interesting specimen?"

(Which reminds me that, when I was a member of the Oxford University Volunteer Corps, a young person turned up on parade one morning—I think we were going to Cambridge with bloody intent—in buttoned patent-leather boots and his helmet the wrong way round.)

"If being in the front line is a novelty properly appreciated by the cooks!"

K. on Tour.

Although the announcement of Lord Kitchener's visit to Athens, and of the commercial blockade of the Greek ports coincided, it must not be supposed that the two events bear any relation to one another.

Thus the special correspondent of my evening paper to-night. What a waste of space and effort! As though any man in this country suspected Lord Kitchener of being a party to a blockade, pacific or otherwise! As a matter of fact, *The Sketch* Special Correspondent has forwarded a verbatim report of the conversation between Lord Kitchener and the King of Greece. Here is an extract—

TINO: . . . holed out in one.

K.: Ah.

TINO: Fact. What is your favourite stroke, my dear Sir?

K.: Sliced putt.

TINO: No! Can you indeed do that?

K.: No.

TINO: Strong, silent fellow!

K.: Yes.

TINO: Tell me, how do you like Athens?

K.: O. K.

TINO: I beg your pardon? Is that, perhaps, an idiom or a threat?

K.: Ah. . . .

TINO: You have been lucidity itself. Please regard the entire situation as—shall we say—? Hallo! He's gone! What a nation!



AS WHIRLS THE HART: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. CHARLES HART'S LEFT FOOT, HIMSELF, AND RIGHT FOOT, AS SEEN IN "THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN."

Mr. Charles Hart is in the cast of the new show at the Palladium, "The Whirl of the Town," which it was arranged to produce on Monday, November 29.

VANITIES OF VALDÉS: PAGES IN WAITING.



IN CLASSIC DAYS.



IN THE MIDDLE AGES.



IN THE 18TH CENTURY.



DURING THE GREAT WAR.



THE CLUBMAN

CLUBS AND THE CLOCK: "TIME, GENTLEMEN!" BACHELORS OF BOTH SEXES.

The Bona-Fide Traveller.

I do not think that anyone will drop a tear over the disappearance of the Sunday bona-fide traveller in the Metropolitan police area. The man who walked the necessary number of miles to obtain a drink during closing hours has never been a popular character, and that he should be sent thirsty away if he goes on what in the East End of London is known as a "gin crawl" will not bring him any sympathy.

The New Hours.

I have no doubt that in the clubs we shall all, in a week or two, become just as used to the new restrictions as we have become to the ten o'clock rule. After all,

the new rules only enforce the growing tendency in clubs against drinking spirituous liquors between meals. In any club in London, on any afternoon during the war, before the new regulations came in, tea has been practically the only drink indulged in by the members between four and six o'clock and between six and the dinner-hour; an occasional sherry-and-bitters or vermouth has been all that any member called for. The clubman will be able to-day to drink his vermouth before dinner if he feels so inclined, to dine at eight o'clock or a quarter past eight, and to drink his glass of liqueur with his coffee after dinner before the hour of 9.30 comes.

A Club Problem.

The "No-Treating" order has kept club committees quite busy with little

problems that have arisen. Here is one problem that a committee had seriously to consider. A man can entertain a party of friends to dinner, and can give them during dinner the very best wines or spirits that there are in the club cellar; but if he takes his dinner-party into the smoking-room to drink their coffee (smoking not being allowed in most club dining-rooms), he cannot order liqueurs for them to drink with their coffee, for coffee is not a meal in itself, and therefore to ask them to drink a liqueur glass of old brandy with it would be to break the No-Treating law. This particular committee found a way by which the majesty of the law should not be offended but that the bona-fide dinner-guest should be able in the smoking-room to drink his liqueur as well as sip his coffee.

Club Hours.

There is scarcely a club in London now that does not close at midnight, and most of them are nearly empty after eleven o'clock. Before the war, men who had been to a theatre strolled into their clubs to drink a night-cap, and very probably to eat a plate of sandwiches with their whisky-and-soda; but the club playgoer nowadays, if he drinks a night-cap at all, drinks it at home; and if he goes into the club after the theatre, he only does so to look at the telegrams that are up on the board, and very probably does this without discarding his hat and coat. The hour before midnight used to be a particularly sociable one in most club smoking-rooms, but nowadays when eleven o'clock comes near man after man slips away to go to bed. The only exceptions to the early-to-bed rule are the special constables, who, in all the glory of their blue uniform, look in at the club before going off to their after-midnight beats.

The Opening Hour.

It might be expected that the early closing of the clubs would have resulted in an earlier opening, but this is practically impossible, for before a club opens in the morning an immense amount of work

has to be done; and if members breakfasted before eight o'clock, the servant-maids, who are the first people to be astir in a club in the morning, would have to be up in the very small hours. From nine to twelve nowadays are the living hours of a club, whereas in times of peace they are from nine to two a.m. Even the Beef-steak, which does not open until half-way through the afternoon, and which used to keep its candles alight as long as any member cared to stay there, has generally closed its heavily nailed door in Green Street by midnight.

"The Single Man." Let me raise my voice against the supersession of the fine old word "bachelor" by the term "single man." The recruiters must not be allowed to displace a word that Shakespeare used in favour of the Kiplingesque "single man." It may be that "bachelor" is considered too aristocratic to use in connection with recruits for the ranks, but every man, be he gentle or simple, is described as "bachelor" when his banns are put up in church, and there is not the least likelihood that it can be misunderstood by any man. The word is really especially applicable to the labouring classes, for etymologists suppose that in its Latin form it meant a "cowherd," and that the cowherd going to college took his title with him.

Bachelor Girls.

If we men allow the pleasant old word to slip out of our grasp, it will certainly be picked up and used by the other sex. Already we have heard a great deal about the "bachelor girl," and the spinster may come in due time to be known as the "bachelor," changing thus her original vocation from a "spinning-maiden" to a milkmaid. It is curious that neither "spinster" nor "single man" is generally used in ordinary conversation. If one wishes to say that a girl is still single one says that she is unmarried; and one usually calls the unmarried man a "bachelor" and not a "single man." It is true that on military pay-sheets "M." is put against the names of the married men, and "S." against those who are single; but that, does not, I think, put out of court my plea that Lord Derby's first batches of recruits should be called "bachelors," not "single men."

Wanted—A Word.

When Lord Derby and his committee, should we hold to the voluntary system, have winnowed out the willing bachelors, and they have been docketed for present or future use, and when the men who are doing war work as civilians (or who have fought and been seriously wounded, or who have tried to enlist and have been rejected as medically unfit, or whose claims to exemption have been recognised), are wearing their khaki badges, there should be some new name found for the unbadged unmarried man of military age who has refused to recognise his country's call. "Shirker" is hardly vicious enough, and "Slacker" is too school-boyish.



A POET WHO HAS BEEN AIDING WOUNDED AT THE DARDANELLES, AND IS GOING TO LECTURE IN AMERICA: MR. JOHN MASEFIELD.

Mr. John Masefield, the well-known poet and dramatist, who is shortly going on a lecturing tour to the United States, has been doing voluntary-aid work at the Dardanelles. He provided a motor picket-boat to tow barges of wounded from Gallipoli to Mudros, as well as a specially fitted barge, for work under the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Joint Committee, and in August he went out to Mudros to take charge of them.

Photograph by P.P.1.



A WELL-KNOWN BLACKHEATH FOOTBALLER AWARDED THE MILITARY CROSS: CAPTAIN ANDREW OSWALD LAIRD, R.E.

Captain Laird, of the 2nd London Field Co., Royal Engineers (T.F.), formerly a well-known member of the Blackheath Football Club, received the Military Cross for restoring confidence to wavering troops in an attack on Krithia, in Gallipoli. Later, he was wounded while bringing in a wounded private—an action for which he was mentioned in despatches. He is the youngest son of the late Mr. Andrew Brodie Laird and Mrs. Laird, of Blackheath.—[Photograph by Langflier.]

PASSED FOR PUBLICATION.



WITH THE GRAND FLEET—VERY MUCH AT SEA.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



THE LITTLE PIERRE:

A Story of the Christmas Ship.

By Shirley Carson.
Illustrated by A. Forestier.

his mate sooner or later, she told herself—and because Pierre was her only child, and she was a widow, she could not expect to keep him with her for ever. Elise was a good girl and a pretty one, and it was very evident Pierre had loved her in his deep, speechless way before she began to smile answeringly back at him. And after that the village lanes had known them all through the spring evenings and summer nights; while Pierre's mother sat at home knitting and trying to picture what the cottage

would seem like when Pierre was gone to make his home elsewhere.

But Pierre had stayed at home, and it was Elise who had gone. What the story of their separation was nobody ever knew, but all suddenly Pierre began to spend his evenings at home again, and none of the villagers saw much of Elise. Pierre's mother met her once, and saw that her eyes were wistful. She went home happy because of it. "It is a young lovers' quarrel, and will soon be made up again," she told herself. "Elise is but eighteen, and at that age a kiss mends most things."

But the kiss could never have been given, for only a few weeks later Elise sailed to far-away America with relatives who were going to settle there, and her native village knew her no more; and Pierre's mother, wandering lovingly round her fading garden on the morning of the departure, missed a late rose which had flowered in

PIERRE'S old mother limped to the door of her cottage and stood looking down the long ruin of the village street. From beyond the last blackened house her gaze travelled slowly along the white road that threaded the valley and mounted the hill beyond. At the point where it dipped out of sight, her eyes, grown so many years older in the last three months, fastened themselves anxiously; but not an object, not a moving speck, was to be seen. The expected refugees from Arlande—they who had been trying to live among the few upstanding walls fire and shell had left them, till grown heartsick—were not in sight as yet.

The old woman hobbled down from the threshold step and went back to her bit of fire. Among the weary people who were arriving to settle in a village less demolished than their own was a woman who had been her girlhood's friend to whom she had offered a home. "Since you have nothing left and I but little, we will share it," was the word she had sent. "It is what my dead Pierre would have wished. When all are in such trouble, he would not like his chair to stand empty in the home."

Her lips closed with Spartan strength as she took up the stocking she was knitting. Every day she was obliged to steel herself afresh to the knowledge that there would never again be any Pierre to kiss at night, never any Pierre to wake to in the morning. He had fallen fighting for his country, which people said was a glorious thing; but this fact did not make less dreadful the desolation of the home. And her heart, in its anguished solitude, kept whispering that it had never seemed for this end she had spent her youth and her strength to bring him to splendid manhood. She had thought of the flower and fruitage of human life, of peace and progress—never of war and untimely destruction.

Pierre had gone forth to fight with a smile on his lips, and he had never come back. It had been his fate to fall within the horizon line of his native village—thus life and love and death had all come to him in one small spot of earth. And his mother, whom he had never left, had come searching for him when the battle was over, and held him to her at the last. . . . This was her poor comfort. She knew how many other boys were laid where their mothers never would find them.

There had been only one thing in Pierre's life his mother had never quite understood, and that was the story of his love. She had been a little jealous when Elise Lanctôt first began smiling in her boy's eyes, but that sensation had passed. A man found

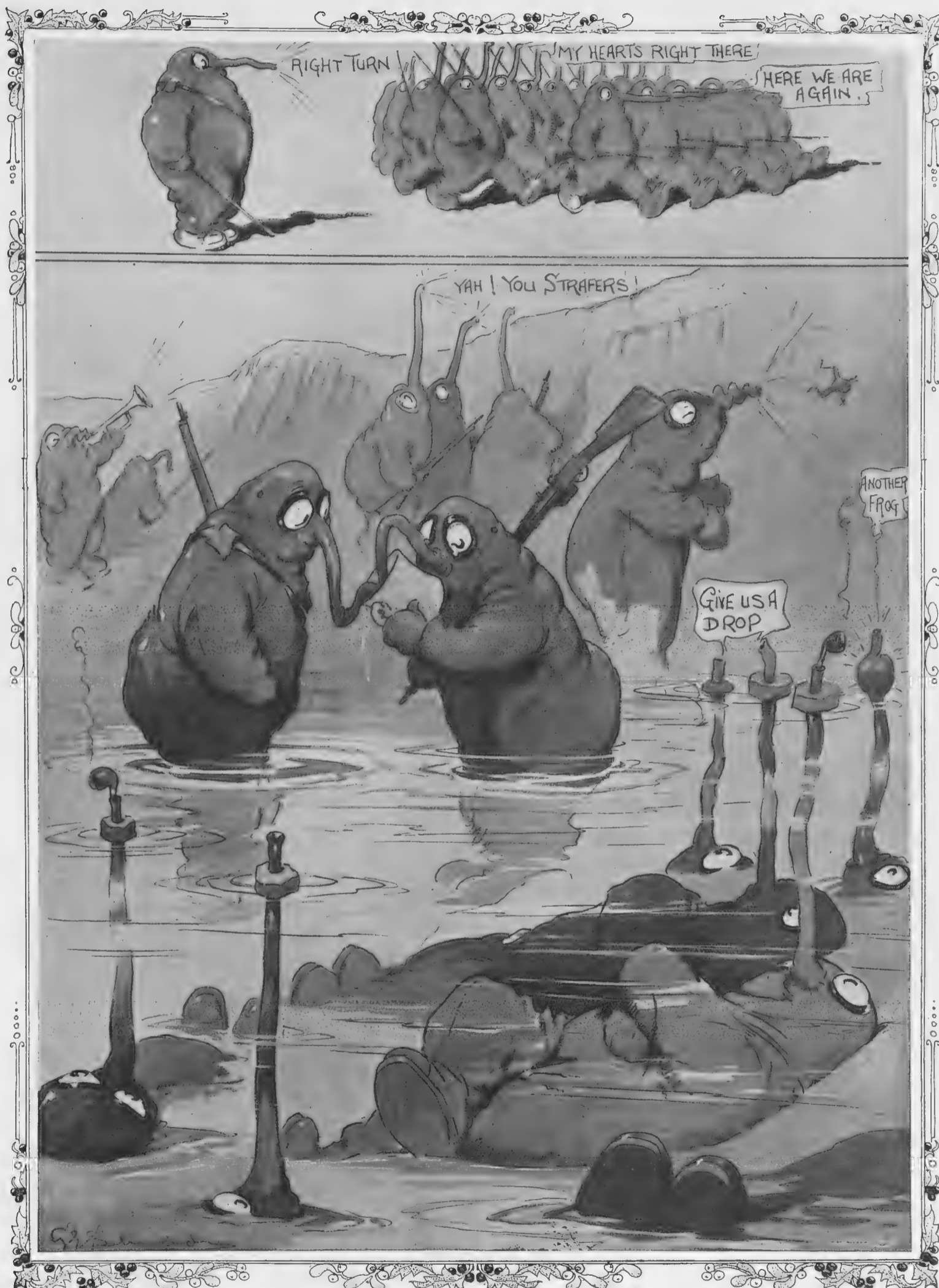
She had been a little jealous when Elise Lanctôt first began smiling in her boy's eyes.

a warm corner and been cherished like a last child. The stem was snapped off as if someone had gathered it in a hurry, and Pierre's mother stood looking at it. "The rose grew under Pierre's

(Continued overleaf.)



DAMN(P) - PROOF !



'ALMOST AS COMFORTABLE AS THE GAS-HELMET! THE NEW TRENCH SUIT FOR A WET CHRISTMAS AT THE FRONT.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

window," she whispered to herself. "Elise took it for something to look on when her heart cries back."

After Elise had gone, Pierre settled down to the old life and the old ways. There were questions in his mother's eyes now and then before which he turned his face away; but as the years went on much of the old life was lived as before, and Pierre's mother sent up many a prayer of thanksgiving that sorrow had come to him when he was no more than twenty. Yet, when fifteen years had passed, she began to grieve lest he waited too long ere he married. "I have you," he answered her briefly—and for a moment turned such deep eyes upon her that she saw the name of Elise was yet freshly written



She stretched out her hand for it, and read it through.

on his heart. It was three years after that, to the day, when he had crossed the threshold of his home for the last time. Red war had come to the quiet, sunny village—and nobody knew why. Pierre was one of the first to go, and he had been one of the first to fall. That was more than three months ago, but his empty chair by the fireside, on which his mother's eyes rested for ever, seemed warm with his presence yet.

Despite the fact that she had dreaded another in the home who was not Pierre, the mother found comfort in her girlhood's friend as the days went by. The wreckage of war had touched them both, and Pierre's mother listened to sorrows as great as her own. There was a keen joy, too, in sharing the little she had left with one who had nothing.

"The very shoes on my feet came from far away," the friend said one day when the two of them sat together. She drew from the bosom of her dress a letter, but held it covered in her lap while she went on talking. "They came from America, in the Christmas Ship. The dear God knows the blessings they were, and how many a rosary counts one prayer more for the kind hearts that helped in this utmost distress. Unknown they may always be, but never forgotten."

"The dear God will remember also," said Pierre's mother.

"Some of the gifts came silently, and others with a name and a wish. Now and then a letter. A neighbour of mine got a letter with a suit of clothes that warmed a little boy who was shivering—and he found bright marbles in every pocket."

Pierre's mother nodded. "It was somebody who understood."

"My neighbour gave me the letter. She read it again and again and at last remembered the name which signed it. She brought it to me, and I did, too." The friend of Pierre's mother grew silent, looking into the little fire. "Do you remember Elise Lanctôt?" she asked at last—and then did not wait for an answer, but went on talking without looking up.

"The letter was from Elise—just a few words; but I want someone to write and let her know her gift came to the country she remembers. It would make her happy, I think. You know how a woman will go back every now and again to her girlhood days?"

Pierre's mother was looking at the half-hidden letter on her friend's lap. She stretched out her hand for it, and read it through. When she came to the signature her eyes lingered on it a long while. There were three names now—"Elise Lanctôt Duprè." . . . Somewhere in the far-away land to which she had gone, Elise had found for a husband a man who was born or fathered of France.

"I will be the one to write," Pierre's mother said at last. Her thoughts had flown back to when her boy was twenty and Elise but eighteen. She remembered the shy beginning of the love-story; its silent ending. Stronger than anything there came back to haunt her the wistful look in the brown eyes of Elise.

"It will be no harm to tell her a little of Pierre," she said—and suddenly her tears fell as they had never fallen before. "Ah! I will write a few words. I must tell her of Pierre—of Pierre!"

A little more than three weeks passed before the answering letter came from Elise. Pierre's mother opened it with trembling fingers, and a long-dead rose fell into her lap. Her lips quivered; she had always been quite sure it was Elise who had picked the rose from under Pierre's window.

"Put it on his grave for me," Elise wrote. "Ah! I cannot think of Pierre except as a boy in and out of the garden from which I picked this rose just before I left the village. He will always be a boy to me; my thoughts have never followed him to manhood. I would rather have it so. It is well life leaves us some things which hold the mirage of our lost youth. Pierre's memory is this to me."

"I think of you alone in the little home. I know what your life was there together; what it must have been as the years went on, long after I left you. You talk no longer to one across the hearth-place. You wait all day, but in the evening his footsteps are unreturning. Ah! I know your life so well; I have lived it with you these last two days since your letter came."

" . . . Let me speak for a moment of other things. When the news came that a Christmas Ship was to sail across the water, to give help to the suffering ones overseas, all of us here set to work at once. This is a little place with a French name to which the Jesuit Fathers came more than two hundred years ago. I love its French memories. But it is peopled with many nationalities to-day, for this country is a foster-mother with wide arms. And when the work began we were all one in heart—we mothers from the warring nations were at peace with one another as we sewed together in our homes. I used to look round and think how strange it was: the Germans sewing, it might well be, for the Belgians; the French probably for the Germans. It was all so right and good; so symbolic of the spirit of peace and good-will we were trying to send with our gifts across the water. In our hearts we were always endeavouring to follow the fortunes of the garments we made. And with each thing finished we used to say: 'Let us hope that it reaches the one in the greatest need, no matter where they be.'"

"We gave what we could. One mother sent her baby's layette. It was long outgrown by her child, and she, little thinking of the strange journey it would take at last, had laid it



And Pierre's mother put out her trembling hands, and Elise took them, slipping to her knees.

away. I could not help crying as I touched the little things, and somehow my heart went with that box more than with any other. I think everyone can bear this war better than the mothers of the little babies."

(The letter had the look of being laid aside at this point and taken up again.)

"Somehow your letter has brought you into my house. I cannot bear to think of you alone over there. It is as if Pierre, the

[Continued overleaf.]

THAT CHRISTMASSY GOLF !



THE MAN WITH THE TURF: What the dickens am I to do with this, boy?

THE CADDIE: Why not take it 'ome and practise on it, Sir?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

boy Pierre whom I remember—said to me: 'Do not let her sit at the fire-side with no one to come to her arms.' I can feel him urging me to send for you. And I know in my heart that I could make you happy here; that there is something in my home for which you could live. I know this, or I could not beg you to take such a journey. It is so difficult to tell things in a letter. When I say: 'Come to me,' the words do not sound so yearning as my heart feels.

"I should like to open my door one morning and find, not a letter, but you. Pierre would stand beside me with a smile of welcome. I am sure you would see him, and you would know at once you had done the right thing."

Pierre's mother laid down the letter. It had brought back to her far-away memories. She forgot the black ruin and desolation without her door, the heartache and silence within. She heard a boy's whistle and a girl's laugh. The dead rose in her lap changed to a fragrant bloom growing under Pierre's window. She took it up and pressed it to her lips with passionate exaltation, passionate grief. "Ah, it will be good to go to Elise! I will go to Elise at once!"

At the end of the long journey she did not feel tired. Elise, greatly welcoming, hovered about her full of tender sympathy, of

married a good man, and was happy. Then the children came to fill the home."

Pierre's mother looked out at the garden, where the children were playing. "They are beautiful," she said. She remembered how Pierre and Elise had played together, boy and girl, in this way. "I am very glad you have the two children, Elise."

Elise nodded. For some reason her eyes were misty, though she smiled. And when she spoke again her voice was very tender.

"There is another one . . . a little one. He came to me when the others were well grown." Elise lifted her face, full now of a girl's questioning, to Pierre's mother. "Do you know how, as the years go on and responsibilities increase and the feeling of youth goes—do you know how sometimes the heart of a woman will turn back and yearn for a touch of girlhood again? It is not that one is dissatisfied or unhappy, or that one would change. Far from all that. But yet we want for a short moment to do something more than just *remember* girlhood."

Pierre's mother nodded. "When we come to the years that seem to mark the turning-point, the face of Age does not smile like the face of Youth."

Elise knelt closer. "It was so with me in the months before this little child was born. Something came touching me, turning



Her arms went out with a cry of passionate yearning, "My little Pierre! My little Pierre!"

utmost solicitude. But instead of weariness and sorrow, Pierre's mother—leaning back in a big chair in the sunny window—felt a sensation of rest and content. She looked at Elise unceasingly; Elise grown larger and older, with happy wifehood and motherhood shining out of her brown eyes. At the other end of the room stood the big boy and girl Elise had introduced as her son and daughter, gazing shyly at the grand-dame who had come from the French village of their mother's girlhood to sit in their sunny window.

"You may run away for a time," Elise said to them at last.

Then she drew a chair close to the one in the window, and Pierre's mother put out her trembling hands and Elise took them, slipping to her knees. The heart of the one woman beat on the heart of the other.

"So many years!" Elise said softly. She kissed the frail hands half-hidden in her strong ones. In the old days she had seen Pierre do that, and the memory of it came back to her suddenly. "So many years!" she said again. "I think"—her voice trembled a little—"that girlhood left me the day I left France. There came a new country and a new life. With it, womanhood seemed to dawn at once. My heart listened, and heard the turning of a key. My eyes looked forward. . . . At last my life changed completely. I

me back to girlhood. I used to think of schooldays, of the many ways I did my hair, of the walks in the village lanes. I used to think of Pierre. I longed to hear his voice again. He was part of my girlhood, and I missed him. I did not say to myself, 'He is a man and across the sea.' He seemed part of a dream that was done—the dear dream of girlhood, to which something was turning me back.

"So the yearnings came and went. At last my little child was born. From the first there was something in his face I seemed to remember. It was very faint, very elusive, but it was there! As he grew it did not leave him. It was this—it was this which made me call him 'Pierre.'"

Elise felt the old hands clinging to hers tremble pitifully. She rose and went to the door. When it was opened there came the sound of a little child's voice, calling. Elise called too.

Pierre's mother leaned forward in her chair. Through the open door a little boy ran in, laughing. She saw how he paused at sight of her, and while his face was still for a moment her eyes dwelt on him. . . . Yes, the likeness was there: intangible—as if the longing of the spirit had touched the flesh—but there! Before it she broke down in tears, in happy smiles. She knew why Elise had sent for her. Her arms went out with a cry of passionate yearning. "My little Pierre! My little Pierre!"

THE END.

DO YOU WANT SOME?



INOCULATING A PESSIMIST WITH MERRY CHRISTMAS BACILLI.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

VENDETTA.



THE MISTRESS: My last maid was too familiar with the policeman. I hope I can trust *you*?

THE MAID: Oh, yes, Madam. I can't abear 'em. I've been brought up to 'ate the very sight of 'em. Pa's a burglar.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

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By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

Christmas "As Usual" in the Nursery.

For the children at least Christmas is to be "as usual." To give the youngsters a really good time at their own especial and particular festival is the firm resolve of most of the fathers and mothers, uncles, aunts, grandmothers, and guardians throughout the United Kingdom. They really feel it is almost the only form of business which can be carried on as usual with a clear conscience. Not even the ardent advocates of old clothes and attenuated meals (for other people, of course) have suggested that nursery inhabitants should be deprived of their Christmas delights. In that kingdom, at any rate, the festival will maintain its sway. Stockings and pillow-cases are to bulge as mysteriously as usual on Dec. 25.



"Chilly Billy," whose looks belie his warm heart and soft body."

Just what form the bulge is to take is being decided every day around the toy-counters of hundreds of shops in London and the provinces, where the fond guardians of little girls and boys forget the war and their years in the excitement of sampling the "latest" in new toys, or exploring the byways of warehouse basements, where, in snow-cave, ice-palace, or undersea grotto, Father Christmas has taken up his temporary residence, and is waiting to welcome the holiday crowd of chattering, laughing youngsters to whom Christmas is still a glorious and thrilling romance.

Something Accomplished— Nothing Hun.

of them, wholly new and altogether delightful. One effect of the war has been to stop—we hope for good—the toy trade as between Germany

Father Christmas, too, is "as usual." But the wares that he brings are, most

and England. There are no German toys this year—

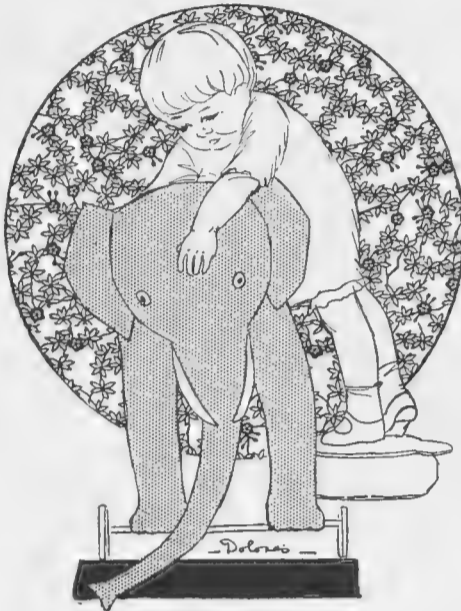
not one. The gaudily painted, cheap mechanical toys, those men with fraudulent legs who pushed sausage-carts or rode bicycles or boxed unceasingly, and rewarded moist caresses by making the givers thereof deadly sick, are nowhere to be found. They have been replaced by the new British-made toy, substantial and satisfying, and entirely free from the mean propensity to get out of order on the slightest provocation which was so marked a characteristic of its "alien" predecessor.



An orange-tree "tub," British-made

War Fever Still Rages.

his enthusiasm for the Allied cause. His pride in the supremacy of the Navy is unbounded, the exploits of the Army and the flying-men fill him with the deepest delight. Wheelbarrows and Red Indians, tools and peaceful games, are all very well in their way; but who cares to ride a rocking-horse when there is a chance of directing the destinies of a Red Cross Ambulance or a motor transport lorry? Creeping Indians is a good game, but not to be compared in excitement with bringing in wounded under fire to the safe shelter of a dressing



"Jinky-Jumbo," on whose broad back many adventurous rides may be taken."

tent, Red Cross flag and equipment complete, while all the time "shells" from great "guns" are hurtling through the air. And so it is that most of the toys have some direct connection with the war.

There are Dreadnought cruisers like the *Lion*, for instance (perfect models which float low in the water; as like any ship of his Majesty's Navy as a wooden model may be), as well as battle-ships and submarines, whole flotillas of them, and torpedo-boat-destroyers—just such ships, in fact, as those from which our enemies prefer to keep at a respectful distance. Not gaily painted tin ones, but solid, business-like structures of the orthodox grey shade, with vicious little guns mounted in turrets, and capable of sending the most powerful enemy fleet to the bottom of the bath in no time.

The Thin Lead Line of Heroes.

Nor. has the Army been overlooked, and this year more than ordinary interest attaches to the little leaden khaki figures by whose help the nursery carpet is transformed into the battle-fields of France or Flanders or the Near East. And since the war spirit is by no means confined to little boys, Red Cross nursing outfits, exact to regulation pattern, are provided, for Madam in the nursery must play her part in the war just as her mother does in the world outside it.



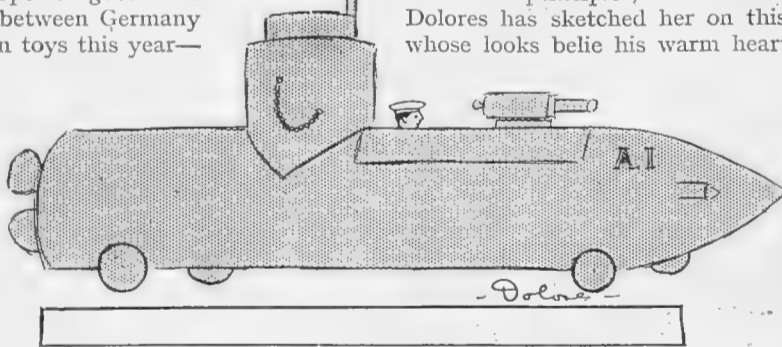
"Bambino," the simple-life baby."

New Faces.

War toys apart, there are all sorts of new and strange creatures with whom to make acquaintance this year—many of them, like the war toys, made by our disabled soldiers and sailors, who, now that their activities in the field are curtailed, are fighting the common enemy in another way. There is "Bambino," the simple-life baby, dressed, as befits her principles, in an elementary garment tied with tape. Dolores has sketched her on this page, as well as "Chilly Billy," whose looks belie his warm heart and soft body.

"Pimpy"—Have You Met Him?

Then there is "Pimpy," whose eyes look many ways, and who seems to have started life with the idea of being a Teddy-bear, but changed his mind and became a kind of doll; and "Jinky Jumbo," with frivolous springs in his stout legs. He is one of a whole family of large animals similarly equipped, on whose broad backs many adventurous rides may be taken. And the dolls—there are, of course, very many of them. Japanese rag-dolls, soft "cuddly" dolls with big eyes and plush bodies most comforting to hold and to take to bed, as well as conventional beauties which call for more respectful treatment. Lastly, there are crackers: sumptuous and glittering aristocrats with scarlet and silver and gold trappings, as well as the humble but equally jolly kind with head-dresses and squibs inside, and others disguised as buns and rolls and cakes, so realistic as to deceive anyone not in the secret. To see these toys and fascinating "tubs" of oranges it is only necessary to go to "Starland," temporarily established at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's in Oxford Street, whose own "Merri" toy well deserves its name.



The Submarine of the Nursery Patriot.



About six inches high, and absolutely British.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

CONSPICUOUS BY THEIR ABSENCE: THE TYRE OF TO-MORROW: A VADE-MECUM.

Defaulters,
Beware!

It is consoling to find that the apparent slackness of the police in bringing to book the army of horse-drivers and cyclists who will not display rear-lights has been dictated solely by a desire to give them time to procure the right sort of lamp. Well, they have had quite long enough grace by now, and from to-day must expect to be treated with the same severity that has been meted out to motorists all along the line. Really, it has been almost past bearing to note the countless carts without red lamps wandering to and fro unchecked by the police; while every owner of a car, no matter how much he may have dimmed his side-lamps, has gone in constant fear of being stopped by some over-zealous special and told that his lights were too bright—at a time, too, when he could hardly pick his way at all, and dreaded a "mix-up" at every turn. I go out as little as possible

Motor an article headed "The Tyre of the Future," in which the belief is expressed with airy confidence that the "main feature in the future tyre" will be "the discarding of the pneumatic principle entirely, and the utilising of a resilient substitute for air, thus dispensing with the costly rubber air-tube with all its annoying failings."

"Name!" An opinion so openly and unhesitatingly put forward one would expect to find, of course, duly backed by some sort of evidence; but, while the writer of the article in question expatiates at great length upon the advantages to be gained from the supersession of the pneumatic tyre, the sole support which he brings up for his hyper-sanguine faith is the crude statement that "the materials from which air-substitutes can be made are relatively inexpensive and plentiful, and when the production has been developed on a large scale it is reasonable to suppose that tyre-prices would not exceed one-half of the present-day figures." Oh, shade of John Boyd Dunlop! "Inexpensive and plentiful"! In other words, they are less expensive and more plentiful than air itself! What are these marvellous substitutes, of undoubted efficacy quite apart from cheapness, and why is it that we have all been so blind to their existence?

"The Complete Motorist." The eighth edition of this well-known work, originally by Mr. Filson Young, has been almost entirely re-written, and in its new form is published by Messrs. Methuen at five shillings. As to its major



"PADDLING HER OWN CANOE"! DURING A RECENT FLOOD IN RHEIMS!

at night, yet on every occasion that it has been necessary I have feared an accident at every moment; while the number of horsed vehicles without proper lights which I have encountered has been astounding. No doubt the general public is inclined to think that it is a small matter, and that "night driving" is a superfluity to be condemned; but now that darkness is on us soon after four o'clock, driving with lamps is not a matter of possible "joy-riding," but comes about from necessity during business hours, and, in fact, is not "night driving" at all, but day—though not daylight—driving. The official warning to defaulters in the matter of red lamps has come none too soon.

"The Tyre of the Future." It may be doubted if there is any subject on which so much nonsense has been written as the pneumatic tyre. All experience has shown (first in the cycling era, and afterwards with the growth of motoring) that there are legions of people who still believe that a "long-felt want" has only to become insistent for it to be supplied, either by an adaptation of industry or the production of some new marvel by an inventor. But experience has shown with equal force that a thing may be desired ever so badly and yet be unattainable, and one has only to mention gold or diamonds to prove the assertion straight away. We should all like to have unlimited quantities of these treasures, if they would still maintain their market value, but the mediæval alchemist and the modern chemist have alike failed to supply the means. And so with the pneumatic tyre. Tens of thousands of attempts, as the records of the Patent Office will show, have been made on the part of inventors to supersede the use of compressed air, and nearly all have been hailed as "revolutionary"; but the pneumatic tyre retains pride of place, and bids fair to occupy that position for all time. Nevertheless, one finds in the



ON DRY LAND ONCE MORE: A HALT ON THE ROAD NEAR MUCH-FLOODED RHEIMS.

portion, it is practical; and the technical material has been furnished by Mr. W. Gordon Aston with mostly satisfactory results, as Mr. Aston's knowledge of motoring mechanics is both excellently sound and covers an extremely extensive field. Mr. Young's fine effort in descriptive writing—the chapter on "The Open Road"—is wisely retained, and should be read by everyone who is capable of appreciating so vivid a presentment of the joys of motoring locomotion. Still, at this late period of the motoring movement, now entered upon its third decade in this country, it is the technical portions of the volume which are of the most value, for there are always newcomers into the field to be considered. They will find every advantage in studying the numerous separate clauses in Chapter III., under the heading of "The Petrol Motor and Its Connections." In lieu of Chapter IV., "Some Types of Petrol Cars," one would have preferred to see some hints on management, diagnosis, and repairs, which are more important in a work professing to be complete than seventy pages devoted to some dozen cars. The book has many points of excellence, however, and only errs in the too-embracing character of its title.



SMALL TALK

A GREAT deal of talk greeted Queen Alexandra when she looked in at 13, New Bond Street (there was hardly room inside for her ladies-in-waiting) for the Duchess's sale. The talk was so lively that one could not help wondering if business was quite as brisk as it should have been. Talk, on such occasions, is apt to baffle the sellers. One of them, quite early in the afternoon, said to a potential customer, "I've not sold a single thing yet." "Oh, I'm sure you have—I'm perfectly sure you have," gushed the other, as if her own mission in life, and in Bond Street, was fulfilled if she said something that sounded complimentary.



MARRIED ON NOV. 24 TO LIEUTENANT C. F. HORSFALL: MISS D. M. SUTCLIFFE.

Miss Doris May Sutcliffe, whose wedding took place at the Parish Church, Buxton, very quietly, is the daughter of Mr. W. T. Sutcliffe and Mrs. Sutcliffe, of Pendle, Buxton.



MARRIED ON NOV. 24 TO MISS D. M. SUTCLIFFE: LIEUTENANT C. F. HORSFALL.

Lieutenant Cedric F. Horsfall, of the 6th Duke of Wellington's Regiment, is the elder son of Sir John and Lady Horsfall, Hayfield, Cross Hills, Yorks. He has twice been wounded.



A WAR-WORKER FOR THE RED CROSS: MISS DIANA GRANET.

Miss Diana Granet is the daughter of Sir William Guy Granet, Kt., General Manager of the Midland Railway, of The White House, Sutton Bonington, Leicestershire, and the Hon. Lady Granet, daughter of the first Viscount Selby. Miss Granet is an indefatigable worker under the Red Cross for the soldiers.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

Neither of the Duchesses was supported by a husband at the Silver Sale, but their talk inevitably wandered to the absent, and to the shopping (but not among fluted milk-jugs and wash-basins) necessary on their behalf. The needs of the soldiering husband are various and surprising. One of the idiosyncrasies revealed in Bond Street was a sudden passion for honey. Honey and new blades for safety razors seem always to figure on the weekly list of requisitions from the Front.

Sharp Edges and a Sweet Tooth.

Quite Sure of It. Sir George Younger had the laugh of two disputants in the House the other day. It was a question of a plundered rabbit, and recruiting, and the desirability of repealing the Game Acts for the duration of the war. Sir George listened to the end, and then rendered the discussion retrospectively futile by mentioning that rabbits do not come within the Game Laws at all. Sir George's interjections are often very much to the point, and the House likes him for his brevity and wit. Some while ago a Member of the Liberal Cabinet, asked to name the most popular man in the House, without a moment's doubt answered "Younger." Parliamentary questions are not often answered so unhesitatingly. The value of the compliment was doubled by the way in which it was rapped out.

Lady Mackintosh's Ruse.

The rabbit mentioned in the House belonged to the Mackintosh of Mackintosh. Remembering that he owns about 124,000 acres in Inverness-shire, we need hardly be scandalised to hear that he still requires a certain number of able-bodied keepers, or surprised that a democratic M.P. suspects him of battenning on imaginary Game Laws. It is an old tradition at Moy Hall that every man on the estate can do his bit in an emergency, and that the lady of the house herself can lead them. Prince Charlie was once saved from his enemies by the Lady Mackintosh of his day enrolling every male within reach and posting them in a wood through which the Royal troops had to

approach. At the propitious moment the Moy men raised the warcries of half the clans of Scotland, and the redcoats retired before meeting what sounded like an army.

Under Cover of a Name.

So long as cabbies or the memories of cabbies remain with us, the Mackintosh must tolerate this story. It probably dates from the age of crawlers, many generations back in the history of the family, but it is revived for periodical application to the living holder of the title, and it is certainly more than a month since it was last printed! The head of the clan was disputing his fare with a cabby. The cabby demanded a name and address. "I'm the Mackintosh," said the Scot. "I don't care if you're an umbrella," retorted the other, "I'll have my rights!"

Hopeless.

Big hauls not seldom go to women anglers, and this year is no exception. Already the Hon. Lilian Elphinstone is securing great catches in the Mertoun waters of the Tweed. The other day she landed seven salmon, three of which weighed just over sixty-six pounds. Miss Elphinstone belongs to a family well versed in sport. For a time it was thought that her brother, Lord Elphinstone, was entirely wedded to travel and the 'chase, but the larger and subtler passion won in the end. It was the thirteenth Baron who persisted in bachelorhood, having, it is said, fallen in love with Queen Victoria in his early days at Court.

Lady Dalmeny Approves.

Nobody seems to have grown specially reluctant about joining the Staff, and several interesting appointments have been gazetted during the week. Having done his share of active work, Lord Dalmeny, for one, has been made Assistant Military Secretary to the P.S., and Lady Dalmeny is anything but sorry to see the red braid added to his khaki; indeed, she rejoices in it. Lord Dalmeny, it will be remembered, was a great man at the Oval for a couple of years during which he captained the Surrey Eleven; another popular cricketer in the person of Lieutenant Raphael has been appointed A.D.C. to the General Staff.

Indifference and a Difference.

Talking of the Primroses, it is worth recalling an Italian Ambassador's impression, received in Lord Rosebery's drawing-room, of England's indifference to Continental affairs. The Kaiser had just dismissed Bismarck, and the Ambassador, full of the event, hastened to a party given by Lord Rosebery to see how the news was received. To his astonishment, people were dancing and chatting about the usual things. "Le renvoi de Bismarck," exclaimed Lord Rosebery when the Italian questioned him—"nobody is giving it a thought. But Lord B— died yesterday, and everybody is asking if his widow will marry again. Nothing else, I assure you, engages our attention." With the speaker, at any rate, the indifference was a pose; now poseurs belong to the past. But even to-day no one in Society or the Services is supposed to wear his heart upon his sleeve, possibly for some enemy daws to peck at.



WIFE OF AN OFFICER OF THE FLEET AT SEA: MRS. L. V. WELLS.

Mrs. Wells is the wife of Lieutenant-Commander Lionel V. Wells, R.N., and a daughter of Sir Hector and Lady Munro, of Foulis Castle, Evanton, Ross-shire, and Arduilie Lodge, Dingwall.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

LAST week, for the first time, appeared a recognisable photograph of Miss Nellie Hozier. The things that are generally printed with her name underneath are quite pretty and interesting; moreover, she sat for all of them—there have been no mistaken identities among them. Only, they are not like her. Some have reminded one of Mrs. Winston; others have suggested a great personage, as if Miss Hozier were understudying Lady Blanche, her mother. But last week came the real thing, a pretty young person with a whimsical expression, and more Nellyish than the gayest Kneller.

Just Herself. This question of likeness in photographs has been brought to a head by the war. For the past few years, with Botticelli and Giorgione as the inspiration of the modistes, and with poetry and drama and social problems filling the prettiest and youngest heads, the camera has been faced by a new convention. It has been faced by damsels, prematurely grave, living up to parts that are not absolutely genuine. But now the natural maiden is in demand again. The soldier who goes to the Front does not want a

Dante's Beatrice or a Petrarch's Laura, or a Mme. de Stael in his packing-case: he wants the girl who gave him tea just before he left, and who looked as if nothing was happening.

The Misconceptions of Models.

Lady Ridley, by the way, has been seeking the perfect photographer; and so has Lady Eileen Wellesley, and so has Baroness d'Erlanger, and so has Lady Rock-savage. The fashion once renewed, everybody is sitting. And all these have been anxious for something fresh, for something that is not, in the horrid commercial phrase, "artistic," or smoothly flattering. "God didn't succeed in making me beautiful; why do all the photographers try to?" one of the sitters named above said the other day. "No re-touching, mind!" was her strict injunction to the new favourite among camera-men. Such are the misconceptions of models. The old problem was to make plain women pretty; now the pretty women long for plainness.

Economy Thrown Over.

The season of new clothes, perhaps, contributes not a little to the present passion for new photographs. People are smart again, and Bond Street is beaming. Quite suddenly dowdiness has ceased to be "the thing." "Even Ascot weeks have hardly made us busier than we are," explained a dressmaker to a customer who must wait her turn for a favourite cutter. Cause and effect are divorced:

certainly it was not any specially brilliant war-news that revived the fashion for fashionableness. A sudden spurt of smartness seized us, and the results are very noticeable to anybody walking from one end of Bond Street to the other at mid-day.

The L.L.D.

If it be true that Lord Granard has been acting as postal censor in the Dardanelles, he will have been in much closer quarters among the mail-bags than he was among the sand-bags. Until quite lately all the Expedition's correspondence was sorted on board the least commodious of boats, and the overcrowding was indescribable. When a Cabinet Minister in the House explained, in answer to a question, that he believed only two parcels of letters had gone astray, "Tubby" Granard (as he used to be called at one stage of development) and his staff must have rubbed their eyes in amazement at official complacency. There were certain days on which the whole service felt like nothing in the world except a Lost-Letter Department. Let us hope that under Lord Granard the ship will find herself again. Our soldiers out there are still worse off



TO MARRY CAPTAIN D. A. W. KER: MISS A. J. POLLOCK. Miss Pollock is the daughter of Mrs. Pollock, of Mountaintown, Co. Meath. Captain D. A. W. Ker is the son of Mr. R. B. Ker, of Portavo, Denaghadee, and is in the North Irish Horse. The marriage is arranged to take place very shortly, at Mountaintown.

Photograph by Langfieri.

MARRIED ON NOV. 27: MISS ISOBEL FRANCES HAWTHORN SHAW (MRS. A. MAXWELL). Mrs. Maxwell is the only daughter of Major-General D. G. L. Shaw, Indian Army. Lieutenant A. Maxwell, Royal Field Artillery, is the second son of Mr. W. Maxwell, Kirkennan, Dalbeattie, Kirkcudbright.

Photograph by Lafayette.

for letters when they are "wounded and missing." The Turks bear no ill-will towards their captives, but there is a great shortage of enemy censors, and letters, both coming and going, lie undealt with for weeks. Why do not some of the young ladies of Constantinople volunteer for the task? An Englishwoman lately home described the emancipation of feminine Turkey as taking the form of a passion for Swinburne and Francis Thompson. If these damsels can cope with the whole of Francis Thompson, Tommy's home-letters should never be too much for them.

Lawrence as Poet.

Events have transferred Mr. Eddie Marsh from Major Churchill to Mr. Asquith, and the disposal of so valued a secretary is Winston's last tribute, this side the trenches, to his Chief. Now this is so, there will be a mighty clash of quotations and battle of literary schools after hours in Downing Street. The P. M. stands for classical poetry; Mr. Marsh is the apostle of the Young Men. His new volume of Georgian Verse, a large edition of which was sold out on the day of publication (the war stimulates the circulation of poetry-books), contains re-

cent things by Gordon Bottomley, Lascelles Abercrombie, W. H. Davies, Ralph Hodgson, and D. H. Lawrence. The new secretary is descended from a Prime Minister. On his mother's side he is a Perceval, and rather more than a century ago Spencer Perceval was assassinated in the Lobby.



MARRIED ON NOV. 25: MISS STELLA WATSON (MRS. VICTOR CECIL).

Mrs. Victor Cecil is the eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Watson, 1st Suffolk Regiment, and Mrs. Watson, of Silver Birches, Colchester. Captain Victor Cecil, 1st Hampshire Regiment, is the second son of the Rev. Canon Lord William and Lady Florence Gascoyne-Cecil. The marriage took place on Nov. 25.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MISS MADELINE PELLY: CAPTAIN SIR JOHN V. E. LEES.

Miss Madeline Annie Pamela Pelly is the daughter of Sir Harold Pelly, fourth Baronet. Sir John Victor Elliot Lees, 60th Rifles, is the third Baronet, and succeeded his brother, the late Sir Thomas Evans Keith Lees, who was killed in the war, in August. The late Sir Thomas Lees married Miss Benita Pelly, the elder sister of Miss Madeline Pelly, who will, by her marriage, succeed her sister as Lady Lees.

Photograph by Speaight.



TO MARRY MR. G. L. VICKERS: MISS A. M. NICHOLSON.

Miss Nicholson is daughter of Commander M. S. Nicholson, R.N.R., and Mrs. Nicholson, Gravesend. Mr. Vickers is son of the late Mr. G. F. Vickers, and Mrs. Vickers, Avenue Mansions, Hampstead.

Photograph by Bassano.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN HUGH G. MONTEITH, D.S.O.: MISS DOROTHY HUNTLY DUNELL. Miss Dunell is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Dunell, of Garboldisham Manor, Norfolk. Captain Monteith is in the R.A.M.C., and won his D.S.O. for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in attending to the wounded under heavy fire near St. Jean and Wieltje, near Ypres.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR O. M. LANYON: MISS JEANIE JEFFCOCK.

Miss Jeanie Jeffcock is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Philip Jeffcock, of Carcolston Hall, Notts. Major O. M. Lanyon is in the Royal Artillery.

Photograph by Bassano.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Munitioners.

How many women, when war is over, and we are looking back on all its horrors as a terrible time of nightmare, will regret their days making munitions? I was talking to one the other day who is intensely interested in her work, and as keen on getting on to more and more important jobs as if her living depended on it, whereas she is particularly affluent for these hard times. She has to take pay, and she is already so efficient that she is raking in about £3 a week. The money all goes to war relief, and occasionally she is able to do something useful among her fellow-workers. One selfish thing she tells me she is going to do, and that is have something made for herself as a souvenir of what she has made for the enemy! She longs, as all of us do, for the victory which will ensure peace for generations; but she says the return to a life of so-called pleasure holds no allurements for her. Her hands are no longer those of a Society lady, but they are by no means as roughened and toughened as one would expect.

Viva Italia!

Italian fashions are showing up side by side with those of Russia; to French fashions we have always been devoted. Now we are favouring Bersaglieri hats with little groups of cocks'-feathers, and cross-gartered boot-uppers, and blouses made quite in Italian peasant fashion. These little incursions into Italian military millinery are quite fascinating. Of course, the brimless Russian hats also attract much admiration. The Duchess of Marlborough wore one in gun-carriage grey at a recent matinée, with a stole and muff of natural astrachan. As she was in a box, I could not see her gown, but if it was as fascinating as its additions it was quite all right. Another hat that I liked immensely because it was so becoming was worn by the Marchioness of Londonderry, who, to use an Americanism, is as pretty as a picture. It was Incroyable in shape, and of black velvet, while the top was outlined at one side with little clusters of flowers.

A Dear Little Duchess.

The other day someone was speaking of the Duchess of Teck, and used the above phrase to describe her. Her Highness is just that—quiet, unobtrusive, always pleasant, and quite natural and unconventional in manner. The youngest member of the late Duke of Westminster's first family, she is as much loved by her half-brothers and sisters as by her full relatives of that degree, and is, indeed, nearer to them in age. The late Duchess of Teck, when she was at Eaton Hall for the marriage of her eldest son, laughed in her jolly way at her

prospective daughter-in-law and said, "Well, there will be a contrast, Meg, when you come to be Duchess of Teck, won't there?" The little Duchess has not been in the public eye as the big Duchess was, but each in her way has found a warm place in the hearts of the people.

Our American Colony.

The American ladies in our midst have proved themselves our friends right up to the hilt. How they have worked only a few people know. I am one of them, and I say that their energy and their steadfastness are quite remarkable for any women. Not only have they maintained and continue to maintain—although the American Red Cross unit of doctors and nurses was with drawn after a year's work—the splendid hospital at Torquay where so many of our splendid men have recovered, but they have supplied fleets of ambulances, they get over quantities of clothes for our own soldiers' and sailors' families, and for Belgian refugees. They put their will-power and their physical strength into their fine efforts. If we welcomed them always to play with us in our times of peace and prosperity, we did indeed entertain angels unawares, for they have set shoulder to shoulder with us in our time of stress and trouble.

Which? The other day, walking along a crowded West End street, it was borne in upon me that at a particular point the men's heads all turned one way and the women's in another. I went to investigate the phenomenon, and found that my sex were attracted to a display of up-to-date millinery in the window—very up-to-date and very attractive; but the men, bless them, were staring at a tall, well-set-up girl-commissionaire, in top-boots, short dark-blue skirt, tunic to match, with gilt buttons, and a high astrachan hat, Cossack shape, immaculate white gloves, and a brand-new cab-whistle; her stand was at attention, and she had a handsome face. Of course the men were attracted—so was I, a mere Woman about Town; and I thought how smart such girls in livery would look on the boxes of the finest motor-cars, and wondered who would start something of the kind for women drivers and foot-women. The young male chauffeurs' shrift is short now; they will have to go into the Service that will make patriotic men of them.

The National Institute for the Blind is organising a league called the National Carol League, the members of which will sing carols in aid of its widespread work among the blind, including the training and after-care of our soldiers and sailors who have lost their sight at the war. Branches of the League have been established in different parts of the country, and a large number of small groups of singers have been formed to visit private houses, composed of local residents who have volunteered to help the League in this way. The League is making preparations to hold a special Carol Week throughout the country from Saturday, Dec. 18, to Sunday, Dec. 26, and everyone is asked to do something for Carol Week in their district. The National Institute for the Blind would be particularly glad to hear from anyone who could organise a concert or other entertainment at which carols might be sung, or who could organise one or two groups of singers either as an addition to their local branch (should a branch already have been established), or as a first step should their district be at present unrepresented. Help is also invited in making the Sunday following Christmas Day a special Carol Sunday. Everyone willing to help should communicate with Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the President of the National Institute for the Blind, 224, Great Portland Street, London, W.



AN EVENING-DRESS IN SHADES OF YELLOW AND GREY.

The under-dress of this model is made of a warm yellow crêpe-Georgette heavily weighted with a hem of grey fur. The little loose kimono of paler grey Ninon is outlined with the same fur, and decorated at one side with a bunch of pink rose-buds and autumn leaves.



A VERY NOVEL COAT.

Carried out in blue velvet and skunk, this very novel coat finishes at the waist in front, and is long at the back. It is then brought forward and fastened envelope-fashion over an under-dress of taffeta of the same tone of blue.

WOMAN'S WAYS

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

London in the Dark.

London in a blaze of light, especially on a wet evening, was certainly a beautiful spectacle; but it is a moot point whether our capital is not still more mysterious and magnificent now that it is veiled and shaded. Tall buildings and blocks of flats, huge shops and churches, appear twice the size in the murk and gloom. The sapphire-blue lights outside the theatres are adorable; the half-sombre rosiness of house-interiors has a new allurements of its own. Tiers of big windows, whose bright electric-lights are screened by dark-blue transparencies, look like mysterious palaces in a fairy-tale. The darkened motors shoot past like monster insects on some secret quest. But, all the same, there are considerable dangers involved in walking out to see all this new beauty. The monster insects on their secret quest have no more concern for one's safety than we of real insects: they run you down with as little remorse. It has been suggested that pedestrians should clothe themselves in virgin white during these strange nights; a simpler expedient is to remain within one's four walls. Victorian ladies used to declare, in fluty voices, that they were "such Home Birds." It would not be impossible for us to revert to this type during the war. By the time it is finished we should have lost our lately acquired taste for incessant gadding about, and should have taken up reading again and other now neglected accomplishments.

Nippon and the Poet.

The "shade of Lafcadio Hearn" has been raised to the junior grade of fourth Court Rank by the Mikado. These posthumous honours are often bestowed in Japan, but there is something ironical in such a proceeding with regard to that amazing and peculiar recluse. That Lafcadio Hearn, son of an Irish soldier-surgeon and a Greek girl from Corfu, all his life a Bohemian, a wanderer, and one of the strangest literary figures of all time, should be made a sort of Court flunkey in the Land of the Rising Sun is sufficiently humorous. The Japanese, when he lived and wrote among them, might have seen that he was paid enough to live upon, and to support his Japanese wife, his children, and his wife's parents. For the great writer, when he married a Japanese lady with all legalities, had to naturalise himself a Japanese, in order that his children should not suffer. Whereupon the University authorities took away his stipend as an English professor, and gave him the pittance which is bestowed on native talent. Lafcadio Hearn now found it impossible to live in the most modest manner and to carry on his work, as well as teaching. He was so disgusted with the country of his adoption that, just before he died, he was bent on coming back to England, in order to have his eldest boy—who was quite European in appearance—educated here. In short, the shade of Lafcadio Hearn is not in the least likely to be appeased by these belated and barren honours. All the beauty and nobility that there is in Nippon he revealed to the West: the junior grade of fourth Court Rank seems a wholly inadequate recognition of his genius and his services.

Paris Perks Up.

In one of Mr. H. G. Wells's most lurid war-novels he depicts a campaign in which the Rue de la Paix—and all that it adumbrates—has ceased to exist. A modish man dressmaker is found in some devastated part of France demanding that Paris must be re-created, since nothing else will serve as the hall-mark of fashion. "Without Paris," he declares, "no modes." Well, the capital to-day is doing its best to recapture its position, and, incidentally, to hearten the Allies. We should buy more than ever from France—if we can afford it; and to put an embargo on either her hats or her vintages would be doing her, and ourselves, a poor service.—ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

"Old, Unhappy, Far-Off Things."

Mrs. Ffoulkes is only too accurate when she declares that her fate was to make friends of the unlucky; like to like is the inevitable conclusion after a summary of her "own past." But as she met many interesting people, once she had escaped from the "cage" of her girlhood, there are many interesting pages to her history. Once launched on the literary world, two very different men made their respective appeals to her mind. Of Algernon Blackwood she writes: "I knew that this man, with the passionless, grave face of an Egyptian priest, understood my soul better than I did myself." He taught her to dwell in a shrine of the spirit, to draw down the blinds of make-believe on the banalities of life. He made her feel "good," as the Americans would say. And Mr. Le Queux gave her a friendship that dangled all the feminine fripperies before her longing eyes. His very presence suggested the most fashionable hotels, Roses d'Orsay scent, palmy winter gardens, and the last word in automobiles.

Royal Confessions.

It was Mr. Le Queux who, having found the Crown Princess of Saxony in the Norfolk, Arundel Street, and helped her to marry her musician in a registry-office, went to Fiesole and persuaded "Louisa" to have Mrs. Ffoulkes write her life. Very soon Mrs. Ffoulkes was being a sister to "this mourning mother, this outraged Queen," this charming Hapsburg rebel, and confidences for the great work were poured out freely. "Dear Maude" learned how Frederick August had bored her, and spicy tales were unfolded of impossible in-laws that would have turned the ancient puce cover of *Modern Society* green with envy.

Witty Lady Cardigan Again.

The most attractive portrait that ever came under Mrs. Ffoulkes's pencil was surely Lady Cardigan. "She ordered me to record her opinion that it was exceedingly tactless of a certain much-be-paraphrased lady not to have chosen a lover somewhat after the type of her husband. 'Why on earth should she have done so?' I asked. 'Because her children would have matched better,' said the terrible old lady. 'Why not avoid these tell-tale and violent contrasts?'"

A Rash Vow.

When she comes to the personal records of her story there leaps to light something of the impulsive rebellion which made such bad trouble and such good reading in the hapless Hapsburg memoirs. A nice young barrister had wooed her, and arranged for an introduction to his mother. While he left the two women together as he strolled off to buy chocolates, the imminent mother-in-law made herself so unpleasant that Maude flamed up with a passionate repudiation of her son before he returned with his box of sweets. Further, she had declared her intention of marrying a better man than the objectionable lady's son within two months.

A Frustrated Escape.

She made good, but could scarcely expect great fortune in the enterprise. Herself and her husband soon discovered a mutual mistake, and separated. But, years after, she awoke in her queer, delightful cottage in Mayfair to a sense of new disaster. A letter which she does not reveal came to justify the omen. And a passionate impulse to escape life resulted in a painful scene with veronal. "'I must die now,' I said to myself." But Mrs. Ffoulkes did not die. She has lived to tell the story, and, every reader will hope, to find at last the happiness which will make life worth while.

"My Own Past." By Maude M. E. Ffoulkes. (Cassell 10s. 6d. net.)



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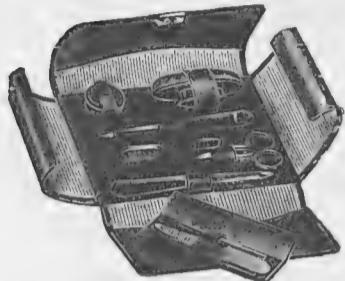
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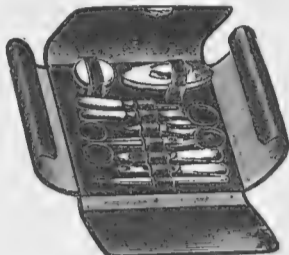
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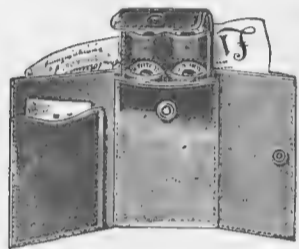


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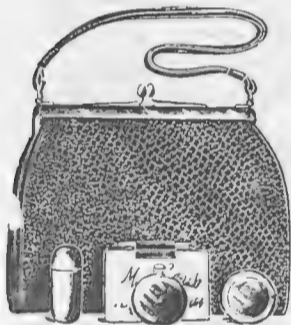
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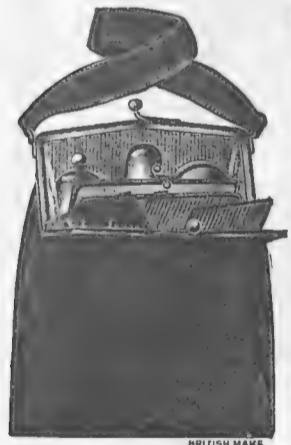
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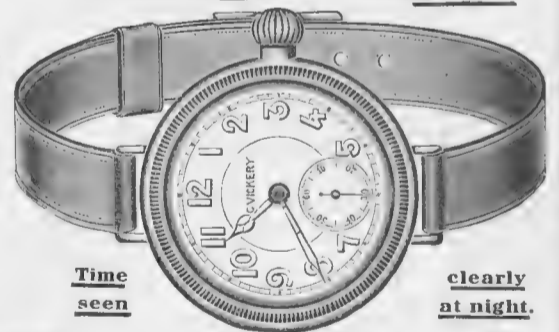
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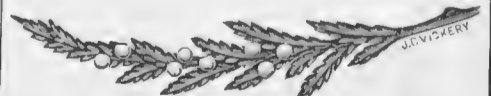
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE critics are rarely so much of a mind as in the case of "L'Enfant Prodigé" on its revival at the Duke of York's.

The gentry are divisible into classes: the dramatic critic, simple but perhaps hardly pure, who is not allowed to write about musico-dramatic pieces; the musical critic, whose province lies in grand opera, opera comique, and the concert-halls; and the kind of amphibian between the classes not really forming a distinct genus, but a dramatic critic who also embraces the lighter form of musical drama, and the musical critic who performs a like task. As a rule, concerning a given work which combines music and drama there is a marked difference of opinion between the one class of amphibian and the other. In the case of "L'Enfant Prodigé" this line is nearly obliterated. The appeal made by the work is irresistible to almost all of us—to the veterans who saw it in 1891, and to the brilliant newcomers (we were all brilliant newcomers once) who saw and heard it for the first time. The old human story told in countless instances daily in real life has been so deftly handled by M. Michel Carré, the music of M. André Wormser intensifies its pathos and enhances its humours to such an extent, that we chuckle and sometimes laugh, smile, and occasionally get close to tears whether we will or no. There is not a dull moment in the piece. It presents a charming, humorous view of the pleasant, wholesome *bourgeois* French life in its picture of the parents, which may seem almost strange to the untravelled English. After the war we shall know our neighbours better, and, on the whole, love them in proportion to our increase in knowledge; and the prodigal son who robs his parents for the sake of his pretty but mercenary sweet-

heart—nobody can deny him. Some critics have bravely used the term "masterpiece," a sacred term for rare employment, and I think that they were right. It would be useless to try to convince those who saw the piece in 1891 that the present company is as good as the original, since they see the old through the golden glasses of happy memory. Let me say that it is, at the least, quite good enough. One can see this and that distinction or difference, but Mlle. Andrée Mielly is a charming Pierrot, a trifle too much a woman, too little a boy; the father and mother are admirably rendered by M. Gilbert Dalleu and Mlle. Eugénie Nau. Moreover, M. Léon Gouget is very funny as the naughty old Baron, *le vieux marcheur* of the French papers, who runs after the pretty *blanchisseuse*; and, of course, Miss Yvonne Arnaud is one of London's real favourites, and makes a fascinating Phrynette.

Many readers whose French is not facile enough to enable them to wade through a long work will welcome an English translation of the famous "Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon" (Stanley Paul; six vols.) by Mr. Francis Arkwright. The Duke knew everybody at the Court of Versailles in the palmy days of Louis XIV., and was

well up in all its gossip, intrigue, and scandal. In his racy pages we meet Mme. de Maintenon, the exiled Pretender, Marlborough, Prince Eugène, and countless other bygone celebrities. The Duke tells also of battles long ago on the famous battlefields of to-day: of wars in Spain and Flanders, and of fighting at Ghent and Lille, Mons and Ypres. Among the illustrations is a drawing of the bombardment of Liège in 1692, a contemporary view of Mons, and of the Siege of Namur. The other illustrations are mainly portraits. These volumes, of which we have received so far the first four, will provide an inexhaustible mine of interest.



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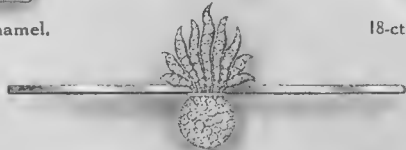
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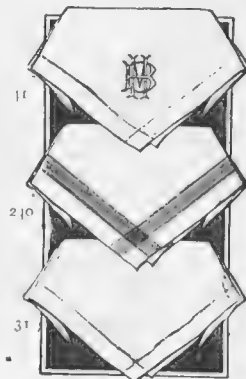
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The Original Fund for Helping Horses in War.

President: LADY SMITH-DORRIEN.

Chairman: SIR ERNEST FLOWER.

AN APPEAL.

I'm only a cavalry charger,
And I'm dying as fast as I can
(For my body is riddled with bullets—
They've potted both me and my man);
And though I've no words to express it,
I'm trying this message to tell
To kind folks who work for the Red Cross—
Oh, please help the Blue one as well!

My master was one in a thousand,
And I loved him with all this poor heart
(For horses are built just like humans,
Be kind to them—they'll do their part);
So please send out help for our wounded,
And give us a word in your prayers;
This isn't so strange as you'd fancy—
The Russians do it in theirs.

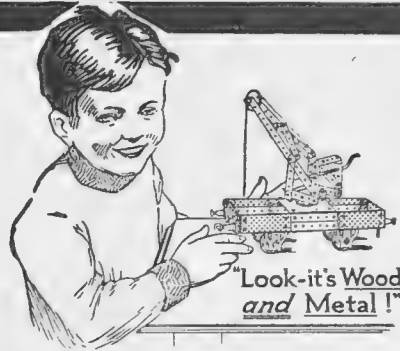
I'm only a cavalry charger,
And my eyes are becoming quite dim
(I really don't mind, though I'm "done for,"
So long as I'm going to him);
But first I would plead for my comrades,
Who're dying and suffering too—
Oh, please help the poor wounded horses,
I'm sure that you would—if you knew.

SCOTS GREYS.

The above words have been set to music by Mr. Arthur M. Goodhart, and can be obtained of all music sellers, or from the Publishers, "The Opus Music Co.," 56, Mortimer Street, W. Post free, 1s. 8d. The Profits of this song will be devoted to the Blue Cross Fund.

Help the BLUE CROSS HOSPITALS IN FRANCE, THE BLUE CROSS HOSPITALS IN ITALY, and to supply Horse Comforts, Veterinary Requisites, and especially Waterproof Rugs, for Home and Expeditionary Forces. :::

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Give him a set of 'Primus' and he will be as happy as the day is long. You can get him a 'Primus' set for 6/- which will make 41 models—models that look like the real things because he makes them of WOOD and METAL.

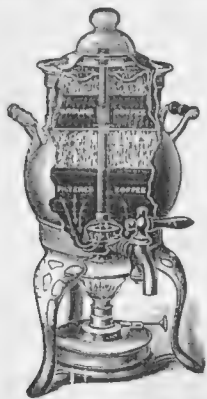
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GENERAL NOTES.

BY the very nature of their office, Lord and Lady Wimborne find themselves led into various unwarlike activities. County visitations are expected of them in their Viceregal capacity, and in Ireland county visitations resolve themselves into the judging of dogs and the viewing of studs. In Limerick they are staying, after a round of shows, with Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Baring. Mr. Baring is M.F.H., and Lord Wimborne joins the chase during his visit. With Godfrey for his real first name and Everard for his last, Mr. Baring adopts Nigel for convenience' sake, Sir Godfrey having made use of the first, and Mr. Everard Baring, husband of Lady Ulrica, of the other alternative. Mrs. Nigel Baring was the Hon. Ada Roche, daughter of Lord Fermoy.

*From Saddle
to Stall.*

So many duty matinées have to be seen through, and so many unnecessary programmes bought and sold, that one is always surprised to see people turning up again at ordinary performances, and paying ordinary little prices for ordinary stalls. The Shaftesbury Opera, nevertheless, still draws; and at the corner of the Avenue "Bric-à-Brac" continues to amuse such people as the Duchess of Marlborough and an occasional wounded friend (or is it only the friend who is amused?), Sir F. E. Smith, and Lady Dalmeny, who herself is numbered among the recovering casualties—of the hunting-field.

*The Sins of the
Father-in-Law.*

No sooner had we deemed it discreet to say—last week—that Lord Lovat was in the Dardanelles than he is back again. He went without telling anybody much about it, and now, after a brief acquaintance with Gallipoli, he is an invalid in the Endsleigh Palace Hospital for Officers. The somewhat sensational reprimands aimed at Lord Ribblesdale for his allusion in the Lords to General Monro's report are not, by the way, calculated to soothe the patient. It could hardly be more disconcerting to be Lord St. Davids' son-in-law.

*Lovat First
Sight.*

Some five years ago Lady Lovat, then Laura Lister, was at a dinner-party, and Lord Lovat took her in. They had never met before, and by the time the ladies left the dining-room it was guessed to be a case of love at first sight. To a man of Lord Lovat's temper it was wholly delightful to be thus suddenly involved in the greatest adventure of a lifetime, and he carried it through with spirit. A

liking for Stevenson, and Stevenson's romances, made him, as a boy, very ambitious to be doing, and all his ambitions have come true—unless to be in hospital at the present moment must be set against the successes. Getting through his ornamental soldiering in the Life Guards very early, he won his D.S.O. in South Africa before he was thirty; and, having shot the biggest grouse-bag ever attained by a single gun, he proceeded to Abyssinia for real shooting. His wife's father, whose "common knowledge" has been getting him into hot water, is just about the least common of all the Peers—a figure, in other words, fit for Stevenson's pages.

*A Library Scene,
Featuring
Miss Asquith.*

The Speaker's invitation to Miss Asquith to the Library of the House, there to receive a gift from the Commons, suggests that no one need be shy of making presents. It reminds one, too, that the Terrace and a high narrow gallery with a grille are not the only places in the precincts where a woman may set a privileged foot. While Lowther's Arcade is a thing of the past, all the House is, in a sense, Lowther's Arcadia—but generally without the vestige of a shepherdess. Miss Asquith penetrates a little farther than is usual, and is able to acquit herself with an ease only less complete than the Speaker's own. In the matter of brides and grooms Mr. Lowther has had a somewhat varied experience. Three years ago he gave his sister away at her marriage to Mr. James Bey, son of Elias Pasha, Admiral of the Turkish Fleet.

In-e-qualities.

Verney is Verney, pure and simple, Sir Harry tells us. Why anybody should have taken the trouble to say the bearer of the name pronounced it Varney is beyond his comprehension, and ours. He is no more Varney, than Derby is Derby! The inaccuracy is an instance, on a small scale, of the inconsequence of club chatter, which, in Lord St. Davids' case, amplified his general criticisms into a budget of specified accusations, with names and dates complete.

*On the Best
Authority, Again.*

The origin of such rumours is utterly mysterious. For instance, the wife of a fighting Peer—since killed, was in France on business that even Lord St. Davids would have considered legitimate. She was shown a house where Lady — was staying. "She came three days ago, for a week," said her informant. Returning to town the next day, she found a note from the lady in question asking her to tea "to-day or to-morrow." "To-day" was the date of the supposed installation near Headquarters!



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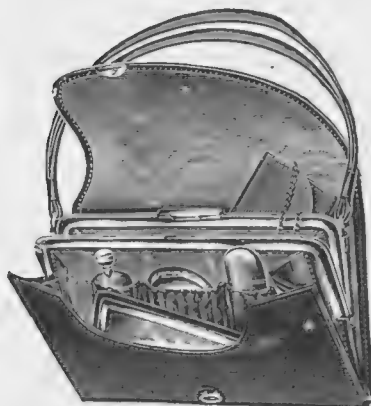


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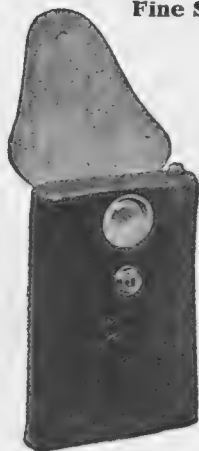


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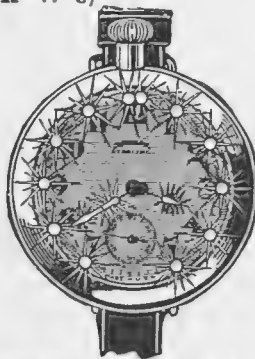
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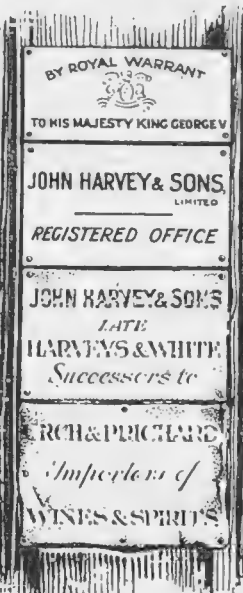
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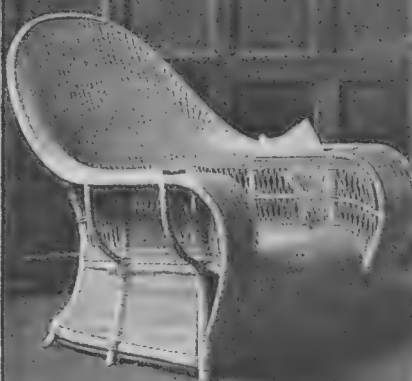
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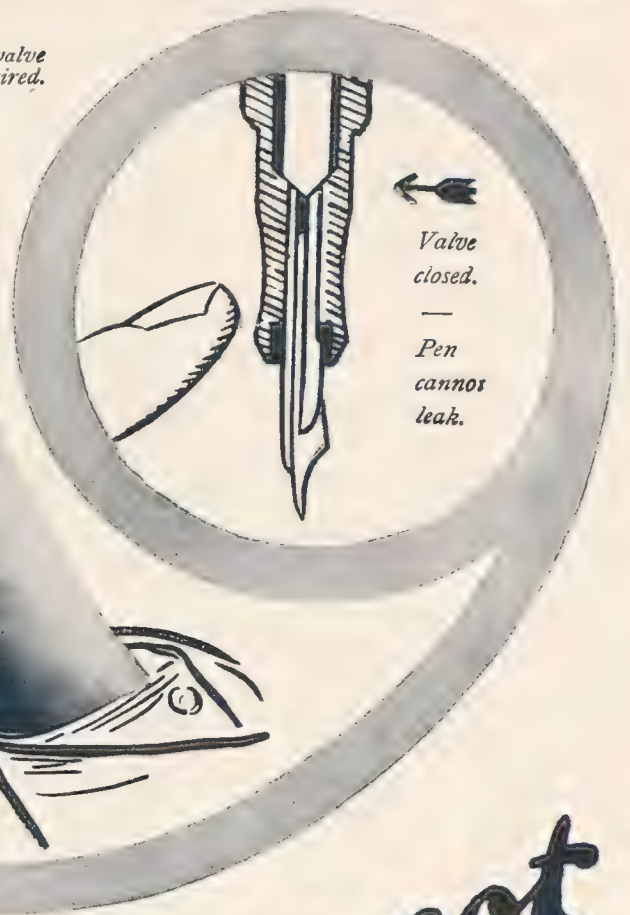


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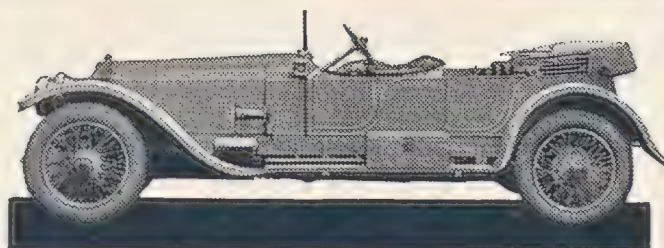


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Dunlop: "To prevent a front as well as a rear skid, and to be prepared for all weathers. A Steel-studded cover grips where an all-rubber tread doesn't, and vice-versa. It is much the best all-round plan. Try it."

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RUBBER CO., LIMITED,

Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry throughout the World,

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TRADE

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Useful Christmas Gifts

Mappin & Webb Ltd.

158-162, Oxford St. ; 172, Regent St. ;
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LONDON.

Christmas Catalogue post free.

G 739. Black "Taffeta" Silk Handbag, £1 5 0

G 119 Silver-mounted Wallet. Real Crocodile Skin, 12/6

G 750. Folding Treasury Note Case, with Silver Flexible Mounts. Morocco, 12/6 Pigskin, 15/-

G 100A Electro-plated Crocodile Skin Brandy Flask ½ pint, 12/6

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Sterling Silver Patent "all one" Nail Polisher, with complete Manicure Outfit. Complete with Leather Sheath, £2 15 0 Length of Polisher, 5in.

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Beauty Treatments.

Improving the Complexion. Eradicating Superfluous Hair.
Removing Moles, Nævi, Double Chin and other Blemishes.

If anyone has doubts as to the efficacy of the modern complexion treatment, let her go to 29, Old Bond Street, W., and have one. The experience will be as pleasing as it will be novel, and if the deft fingers of the Masseuse do not coax some additional charm into the cheeks, then the writer for one, and the Masseuse for another, will be very much astonished.

The Face Treatment given at the Pomeroy Salons cannot fail to be beneficial. It is not claimed, it would, indeed, be foolish to claim, that one Treatment can restore youthful beauty to any face, but one Treatment will certainly accomplish enough to convince any woman who is anxious to look her best, that the Pomeroy method is the sure way to enhanced facial attractiveness.

It is simply wonderful to observe the effect of one Treatment or—as is necessary in some cases—of a course of Treatments upon a Tired,

Time-worn or Weather-worn skin. The gentle massage with the Pomeroy Skin Food and other tonic preparations, cleansing the pores of all impurities, and feeding the tissues, does in very truth bring back youthfulness to the cheeks.

And what about Superfluous Hair? This blemish can only be successfully removed in one way, and that is the way adopted by Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd. It needs skill, it needs experience, it needs costly appliances to deal properly with Superfluous Hair, and that is why ladies afflicted with it should consult only Specialists of the standing of Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd. Thousands of cases have been treated by them and with absolute success. The hairs are permanently destroyed and cannot grow again. Moles, Nævi, Broken Veins, and Double Chins are other blemishes treated at the Pomeroy Salons, and ladies so troubled should not hesitate to seek advice from the authority at 29, Old Bond Street, W. Such advice is gladly given and places the recipient under no obligation whatever.

POMEROY TREATMENT ROOMS

Consultation free. Write or Call.

Mrs. POMEROY, Ltd., 29, Old Bond Street, London, W.

GLASGOW: 281, Sauchiehall Street.

LIVERPOOL: 27, Lece Street (top of Bold Street).

MANCHESTER: 10, St. Ann's Square.

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N.B.—Use Pomeroy Skin Food daily—for the lasting good of your Complexion.

Entirely BRITISH
Established 1788



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The reputation of **CARRERAS** is identical to that of the Veteran who has served his Country well and earned the reward of honest endeavour and sterling worth.

When **CARRERAS** say that no one should pay more than 6d. for any 10 high-class Virginia Cigarettes, they say it because they, as Tobacco Experts and large Manufacturers, KNOW that it is impossible to obtain a finer quality Cigarette than CRAVEN "A" at 10 for 6d., no matter what price is paid, and that this price allows ample profit to any manufacturer.

Your smoker friend will immediately recognise your sound judgment and kindly forethought if you send him this **XMAS** a 25, 50 or 100-tin of CRAVEN "A" CIGARETTES, or, if he prefers a pipe, a tin of the celebrated CRAVEN "A" TOBACCO.

CRAVEN "A"

CIGARETTES

10 for 6d. 50 for 2/3
25 „ 1/2 100 „ 4/6

If you find CRAVEN "A" Cigarettes do not suit you after you have smoked one—return the box to us and we will refund your money. We cannot make a fairer offer.

CRAVEN "A" $\frac{3}{4}$ ounce packet 6d.
Mixture "A" 1 ounce packet 8d.

Obtainable of all first-class tobacconists, and at 55, Piccadilly, London, W., and 7, Wardour Street, Leicester Square, London, W.

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IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE, ENTIRELY WITHOUT RESERVE. High - class, Second - hand and Antique FURNITURE

CARPETS, PLATE, LINEN, PICTURES, PIANOS,
To the Value of over £500,000.

Re Lady DORCHESTER (Deceased),
Lady HARRIS (Deceased),
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Together with the FURNITURE and EFFECTS removed from the
LONDON MASONIC CLUB, St. James's Street, S.W.

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

Any article may be had separately, and, if desired, can remain stored free, and payment made when delivery required, or will be packed free and delivered or shipped to any part of the world.

122 COMPLETE BEDROOMS.

Including several fine Old English gentlemen's wardrobes, fitted sliding trays and drawers, from £3 15s.; several fine bow-front and other chests of drawers, from 37s. 6d.; old Queen Anne and other tallboy chests from 6gs.; well-made solid oak bedroom suites, complete, £3 17s. 6d.; solid oak bedsteads to match; handsome china toilet services, from 3s. 6d.; large bedroom and other carpets, from 7s. 6d.; well-made solid bedroom suites, complete, at 5 gs.; massive black and brass-mounted bedsteads, full size, complete with spring mattresses, at 25s.; very handsome design white enamel bedroom suites, at £5 17s. 6d.; four well-made large solid oak bedroom suites, at £6 15s.; four very artistic Sheraton-design inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, at £7 15s.; three artistic large bedroom suites, at £9 17s. 6d.; six very choice inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, 13 gs.; elaborate all-brass Sheraton-style bedsteads with superior spring mattresses complete, 45s.; choice Chippendale-design bedroom suites, 12 gs.; Chippendale-design bedsteads to match; Queen Anne-design solid mahogany bedroom suites, £14 14s.; all-brass full-size bedsteads, at £3 17s. 6d.; other bedroom suites in real silver ash and choicely painted satinwood; also French bedroom suites in gilt and cream lacquer, up to 175 gs.

DINING AND BILLIARD ROOMS.

Several sets of complete old English table glass, from £4 15s.; four oak American roll-top desks, at £4 7s. 6d. Several fine quality real Indian and Turkey carpets, all sizes, from £4 17s. 6d.; real Turkey rugs, at 17s. 6d.; elegant Queen Anne-design sideboard, fitted drawers, cupboards, etc., £7 15s.; set of eight Queen Anne-design dining-room chairs, comprising two large carving chairs and six smaller ditto, £8 15s.; oval extending Queen Anne-design dining table, £4 10s.; Queen Anne-design mantel mirror to match, 42s.; 18 luxurious Chesterfield settees, £2 15s.; luxurious lounge easy chairs to match, at £1 10s.; magnificent chiming and grandfather clocks; finely made mahogany inlaid sideboard of Sheraton design with rail back, £6 15s.; mahogany inlaid overmantel, 30s.; extending dining table of Sheraton design, £3 17s. 6d.; 12 very fine small chairs, Sheraton-design, mahogany inlaid, at 18s. 6d.; 2 arm-chairs to match, at 30s.; also a quantity of very finely carved brown oak furniture.

Magnificent full-size BILLIARD TABLE by Stevenson, £45; smaller size Billiard Dining Table by Burgess, 15 gs.

SEVERAL FINE-TONED PIANOS

including the following: Important 7-octave, brilliant tone semi-grand by Erard, handsome Louis XV design case, rosewood, tulipwood, and inlaid case on shaped legs, with massive ormolu mounts, £125; hand-painted satinwood short grand piano by Boosey and Co., exquisite touch and tone, the case is a perfect work of art, £85; magnificent upright grand by Edward George Brinsmead, 27 gs.; nearly new pianoforte by Venables and Co., 14 gs.; a good tone pianoforte, in perfect condition, by John Brinsmead, 12 gs.; capital pianoforte, nearly new, by Philip Dudley, 18 gs.; Collard and Collard, 14 gs.; a splendid tone short grand, in handsome case, 25 gs.; and several others, all in excellent condition.

DRAWING - ROOMS.

The very elegant Drawing-room Furniture in styles of Louis XIV., and Louis Seize, comprising carved and gilt settees, cabinets, tables, mirrors, etc., white enamelled and richly carved furniture, also painted satinwood, and marqueterie inlaid. The following will suffice to give an idea of the absurdly low prices to be accepted—

Elaborately carved and gilt Louis Seize design Suite of seven pieces, including settee, 12 gs., complete; the satinwood decorated china cabinet, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, £14 14s.; satinwood decorated centre table, £2 10s.; satinwood decorated overmantel, £3 10s.; costly satinwood decorated suite, covered with choice brocade Gobelin blue silk, £16 16s.

Also BED and TABLE LINEN, Carpets of all makes and sizes, quite unsoiled. SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE, etc., etc.

A Magnificent 20-H.P. MINERVA MOTOR-CAR, Landulette Body, as new, £200, cost £1200.

Also a 1914 "MITCHELL" TOURING CAR, nearly new, £135. Great Bargain.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE (mention Sketch), ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS, NOW READY. SENT POST FREE.

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48-50, PARK STREET, UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.

The following Number Motor Buses pass Park Street, Islington: Nos. 4, 19, 43, 43A, and 30.

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Grand Prix,
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Grand Prix
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Gold Medals, Paris Exhibition, 1912.



to H.M. the King of Spain.



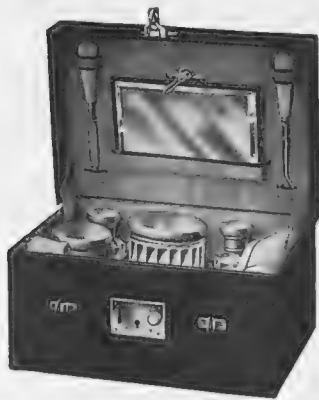
International Exhibition, Rome, 1912.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—We have NO WEST END Branches, neither are we connected with ANY OTHER depositories. Our ONLY ADDRESS is as above.

L. LEWIS, Manager.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THERE is no time when seasonable amenities between friends and relatives are of such value as when we are at war. The worse our enemies are, so much the dearer are our friends, and the closer do we draw to them. Gifts at Christmas are tokens by no means to be neglected. The splendid salons of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, are a rendezvous for those whose desire is not only to give the right thing, but to give it of the best design, best quality, and best workmanship. Naturally, at this time military and naval badges are of much account; no woman left behind will like to be left without a brooch, or pin, or some ornament embodying the regiment, ship, or corps to which her mankind belongs. The Royal Engineers' badge on ribbon of the regiment is a delightful gift, and costs, in fine gold, £3.



PRACTICAL AND TASTEFUL PRESENTS.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., 112, Regent Street, W.

This is, of course, only an example of many—in fact, of any regimental badge that may be required, and at any price, jewelled and enamelled or in gold; whatever the cost, the customer can always be sure the value is the very best attainable. A charming gift for a young girl is a pearl-and-enamel cross, which is beautiful, and costs only £2 18s. 6d.; while a diamond initial bracelet or neck-slide at £4 5s. is a keenly appreciated and pretty jewel gift. An eagle Flying Corps brooch with a ruby eye is another attractive present. There are hundreds such, and at moderate prices to suit the times; also, of course, handsome gifts for those who can afford them, and these are, happily, many, since much war-money

is circulating in this country. The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths suit all pockets with most tasteful, refined, and up-to-date things.

**"Four Crowns"
One King.**

The king of whiskies is "Four Crown," the excellent brand associated with Robert Brown, whose palatial premises are a notable building in Cadogan Street, Glasgow, and whose huge bonded warehouse is in Warwick Street in that city. These fine buildings speak for the success of the whisky, and the energy and enterprise of the managing directors, Mr. Robert Brown junior, Mr. Henry Thomson Brown, and Mr. Peter Jackson, in Glasgow; and of Mr. Sydney Abbott in London. The offices in Cadogan Street are six floors equipped in the most complete and up-to-date way. In Warwick Street, the principal blending-vat has a capacity of 13,705 gallons. Absolute perfection in every detail is the aim of the firm in their "Four Crown" whisky and other specialties, and they have attained it.

THE ROYAL ENGINEERS' BADGE-BROOCH.
The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.

**British for Us
Britons.**

However dependent we have been on eau-de-Cologne in the past, we can remain equally dependent upon it for refreshment, curative property, and cleansing invigoratingly without adding a farthing to Germany's finances, because we have our own English firm of Luce's Jersey eau-de-Cologne, which was established in 1837 and has ever

A DAINY DIAMOND INITIAL BRACELET.
The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.

since held its own as first-rate all over the world. The directors presented 5000 bottles to the British Red Cross Society for the use of the sick and wounded in hospitals, and a great boon it has proved.

(Continued overleaf.)

A really rustless and stainless knife at last.

No difference in appearance, but in wear there is all the difference, as it is practically everlasting.

WHY? Because through the researches of a brilliant English Armament Chemist, a process has been discovered eliminating all elements from this steel which create rust, tarnish, and stains. It will withstand the severest acid tests. Vinegar, Lemon Juice, etc., have no effect upon it.

TO CLEAN YOU SIMPLY WASH AND WIPE WITH A LEATHER OR CLOTH.

Remember—It is the Knife Board that wears out the Blades, not the chops or steaks.



All
Pattern
Handles.

"Stainless" Cutlery will last a lifetime, will remain ever bright and untarnished, and will keep its sharpness infinitely longer than ordinary cutlery.

Full size Calabete Ivory Handles.

Prices: Table Knives, 28/6 per dozen; Cheese Knives, 24/-

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER.

For 1/- we will send you a sample knife, and will re-buy it from you for a guinea if stained by ordinary household use.

Factories: LONDON.

SHEFFIELD.

BIRMINGHAM.

Address Dept. "S."—

THE ALEXANDER CLARK CO., Ltd., FENCHURCH ST., LONDON, E.C. and 188, Oxford Street, London, W.

Write for the Company's Xmas Catalogue, now ready, post free.

Customers'
own knives
re-bladed.



A sure-to-please Xmas Gift

Decide on "Con Amore" Cigarettes, made with the Crest of your friend's Regiment. No other Gift will so effectively express your kindly interest. The Cigarettes themselves will be a recognition of his taste and judgment; his Crest upon each, and on the Box, will be a compliment to his Regiment.

Send him a supply this Yuletide. The Active Service Officer says kind things of "Con Amores" every post. Read this from one: Nov. 12, 1915.

".....the 'get up' of the Cigarettes made all the Officers want to possess some themselves. I gave one of the smaller Boxes to the Colonel, and have promised the other Boxes, when empty, to other men.I congratulate you on the appearance and upon the excellent smoking qualities of these Crested Cigarettes."

J. D. B.Major, Lancs. Fusiliers, B. E. F.

Your friend would like some with the Crest of his Regiment. We make them for all Regiments, with the Crest printed on each Cigarette, and embossed in faithful detail and colouring on the Ivory-finished Box.

"Con Amore" Cigarettes with Regimental Crests

are being supplied to all Messes in the British Army. The Scheme covers every Regiment, and includes the Australian and Canadian Contingents, the Royal Flying Corps, and the Naval Air Service. Whatever your friend's Regiment or Service, you can send him this cheering personal gift.

Leading Tobacconists sell "Con Amore" Crested Cigarettes in three Blends. In case of difficulty, the Manufacturers will supply you direct.

	Per 100 box	Per 50 box	Per 25 box
Egyptian Blend	8/6	4/3	2/2
Turkish "	8/-	4/-	2/-
Virginia "	7/-	3/6	1/9

Also supplied without the Regimental Crests at the same prices.

REDUCED PRICES FOR SOLDIERS ABROAD

On quantities of 200 and more, we send duty-free and postage paid at a reduction of 1/9 per hundred from ordinary prices. In ordering, you need to send Name, Rank, and Regiment, together with Remittance, when dispatch from Bond will be immediately made.

N. Marcovitch & Co., Ltd.

Cigarette Makers by Hand,

13, Regent Street, Waterloo Place, S.W. ②

Ladies learn to drive



1. The Courses embrace just what Ladies need to Learn.
2. The Fees are the Lowest in London.
3. You continue to learn without any extra charge until you are proficient and satisfied.
4. The largest Motor Instruction Works in the World, and situate in the heart of London.
5. Training for Royal Automobile Club Certificates our speciality.
6. Licensed Employment Bureau Free for all Pupils who require same.

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CALL OR WRITE—

Limited

B.S.M., 5, COVENTRY STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

PHILLIPS' MILITARY SOLES & HEELS

Patent applied for.

Designs regd.

THIN rubber plates with raised studs, to be attached on top of ordinary soles and heels, giving complete protection from wear.

The rubber used is six times more durable than leather.

Phillips' 'Military' Soles and Heels impart smoothness to the tread, give grip, lessen fatigue, and are essential to 'marching comfort.' Feet kept dry in wet weather.

INVALUABLE to MILITARY and NAVAL OFFICERS, VOLUNTEERS, etc., etc. Ideal for Golf, Shooting and Country Wear.

TESTIMONIALS.

Lieut.-Colonel W. E. LLOYD, 19 (S) Bn. Manchester Regt., writes, 6th Sept., 1915:

'They have given the greatest satisfaction. Their durability is intense. . . . Undoubtedly they last several times longer than a leather sole.'

'The smoothness of tread is a revelation. They prevent slipping, and I cannot speak too highly of them.'

Vice-Admiral R. G. Fraser, writes, 8th Sept., 1915:

'I find them most satisfactory. . . . They are extremely comfortable and give a better grip than nails. . . . excellent for Golf!'

Lieut. G. . . ., British Expeditionary Force, France, writes, 8th Oct., 1915:

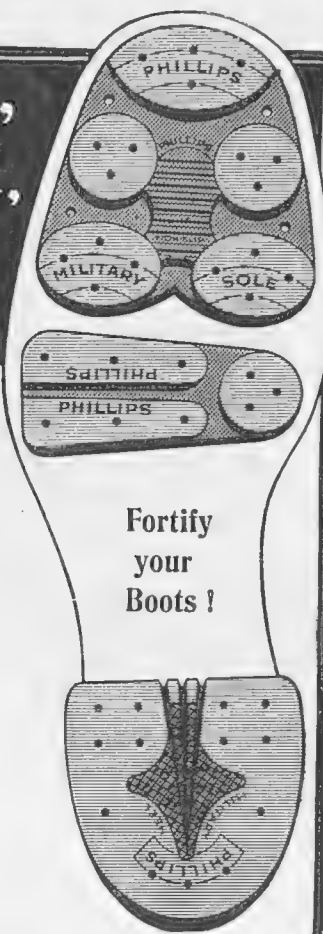
'The pair I am wearing I bought ready fitted to my boots at the Army and Navy Stores in the middle of last May, and they have lasted out five months of active service, having saved shoe leather all that time. All those months I have worn only one pair of boots night and day—which would have been impossible but for your "Military" Soles and Heels.'

FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS

Price 3/9 per set (Soles and Heels for one pair of Boots), with slight extra charge for fixing.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send outline of sole and heel pencilled on paper, with P.O. 3/9 for Sample Set to the Makers:

PHILLIPS' PATENTS, LTD.,
(Dept. M) 142-6, Old Street, London, E.C.



(Continued.)

The name means only a formula, and has no more to do with Cologne—an evil-smelling place—than brussels-sprouts with Brussels or bath-buns with Bath. Luce's formula is a splendid one, and the eau-de-Cologne is absolutely first-rate, like other British things. A third of the price of every bottle goes in duty to the State, and helps to defray the cost of the war.

A Beautiful Novelty.

A new thing in jewellery, and one which has a remarkably beautiful effect, is the combination with moon-stones (subjected to a frosting process which greatly enhances their beauty) of diamonds and sapphires. This is the season's attraction at that well-known firm of goldsmiths, Wilson and Gill, 139-141, Regent Street. The effect is so subtle and so fascinating that I advise my readers in search of beautiful and novel ornaments to go and see these. A pendant in moon-stones, sapphires, and diamonds costs £23 10s., and is a very refined and handsome ornament. Very beautiful is a moonstone-diamond-and-sapphire brooch at £12 10s., while another costs only £8. The naval and military badge-brooches are very handsome, and are as low as £2 2s., mounting to any price according to what is required. Delightful gifts for either men or women are treasury-note cases in black and white moiré, or pig-skin, either plain or mounted in silver-gilt or gold, with or without a monogram. The notes are laid in one side, opened at the other, and, as if by magic, secured behind elastic bands. The pigskin case has receptacles for cards and stamps. Favourite presents are photograph-frames in solid silver and bronze, with regimental ribbon used as mounts and the badge of the regiment on the frame, either at the top or bottom. These frames are practically everlasting, and some have only the regimental badge, not the ribbon. Either way, they

are distinguished and handsome. Watches are always favourite gifts, and of these there is not only great variety but absolute reliability at Wilson and Gill's. Those with luminous figures and hands appeal specially to our watchers and fighters. A clever and excellent idea is embodied in a gold identification-disc which is also a locket. The officer's name and regiment are engraved on the outside, and inside is a place for portraits. It is thin and light, and, complete with gold chain and engraving, costs only £3 15s. 6d. For those who cannot visit Wilson and Gill's delightful show-rooms,

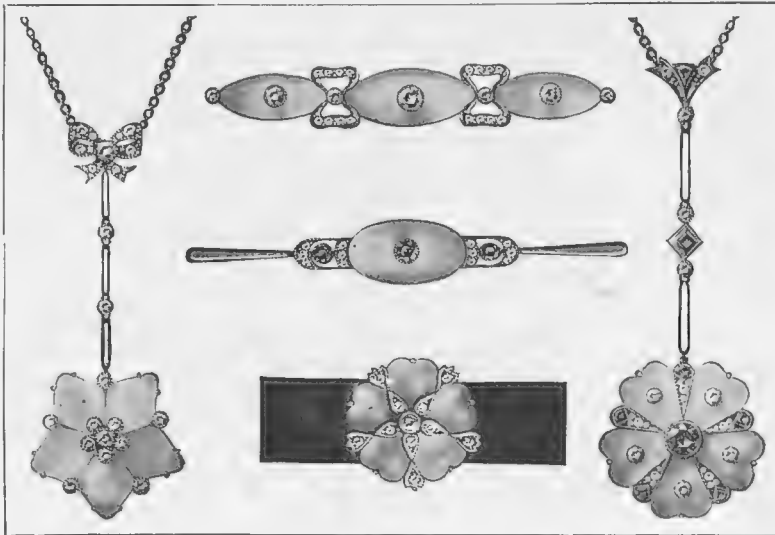
their illustrated booklet of presents is a guide to their fine choice of gifts, and it will be sent to anyone applying for it. The moonstone-pearl-and-diamond neck-slide of which we give a picture costs only £6 10s.; while the moonstone-and-diamond necklet illustrated, with a diamond bow on the chain, is £17 10s.

Who Said Handkerchiefs?

Everybody who wants to give

really useful and acceptable presents at Christmas-time says handkerchiefs or thinks of them. They have gone up in price, like all other war-time necessities, but not at Robinson and Cleaver's, 156-170, Regent Street. Being actual manufacturers, they prepared for the inevitable, buying before the great increase in the price of raw material. There is therefore a great display

and sale of really good handkerchiefs at this celebrated firm's old and highly satisfactory prices. Thousands of ladies' and gentlemen's handkerchiefs of every description will be sold at prices beginning as low as 2s. a dozen. For dainty noses there are dainty things, embroidered and lace-trimmed, and all, whatever the price, of exceptional value. Embroidered aprons, sleeves, and caps are also useful and practical presents, and are in great variety; and there is a most excellent assortment of really comfortable comforts for our soldiers and sailors.



BEAUTIFUL NOVELTIES FOR CHRISTMAS.
Messrs. Wilson and Gill, 139-141, Regent Street, W.

Before paying 8d. for tobacco try

7d.

per oz.
Medium and full.
Mild 7½d.

You can send Bond of Union
duty free to your friends at
the Front. Order from
your tobacconist.

Bond of Union. You will find Bond of Union at least equal in quality to any more expensive mixture.

There are certain choice kinds of tobacco-leaf which yield an essentially cool, slow smoke. To make Bond of Union, these are cured by a special process, which ensures perfect development of the true flavour of each individual kind of leaf.

And a Pipe of Bond of Union lasts half as long again as a pipe of ordinary mixture. Will you give it a trial?

Bond of Union is as silky on the palate as a fine old wine. It is supremely delicate in aroma, suave yet intense in flavour, incomparably cool.

Bond of Union

NEVER BITES THE TONGUE.

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.

Wilson & Gill

"THE GOLDSMITHS,"
139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

SILVER-PLATED
WATCH PROTECTOR 2/6

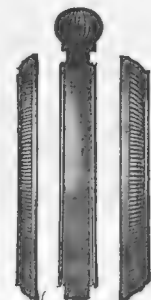
9-ct. Gold
£5 10s.

Solid Silver,
£2 10 0

WILSON & GILL'S FAMED "SERVICE" WRISTLET WATCH,
WITH LUMINOUS FIGURES AND HANDS.

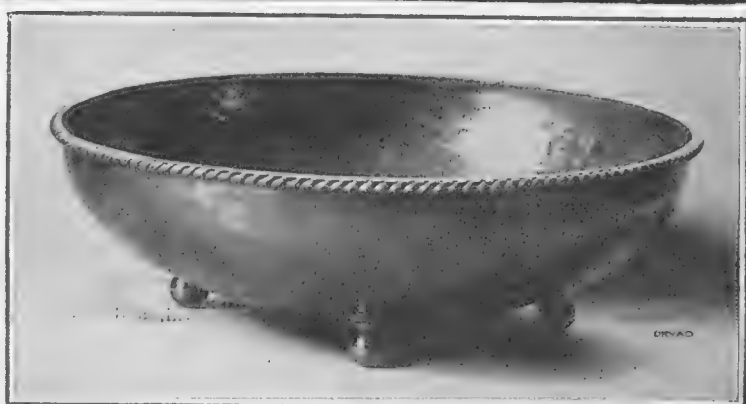
GUARANTEED
TIMEKEEPER.

18-ct. Gold,
£8 10 0



Section showing Damp
and Dust-proof Front
and Back Unscrewed.

Immense numbers of these Watches have been used and have proved their reliability during the present campaign. Having a large stock, Wilson & Gill do not purpose raising their prices, notwithstanding the War Tax.



DRYAD METAL WORK

Hand-beaten Bronze Bowl for Flowers, Fruit or Nuts
8-inch diam., 10/6 9-inch diam., 15/- Carriage paid. Wire net for flowers 1/6 extra
Photos of other designs on application. Dryad Works, O dept., Leicester.

POPE & BRADLEY

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

Contractors for Officers' Equipment to the War Office.

TRENCH SPECIALITIES.

THE winter Trench garments of the house of Pope and Bradley are designed by Dennis Bradley after consultation with senior officers of the Service, and every point of utility and durability has been studied, so that for active service the campaigner may be independent of the elements.

This new military waterproof has been designed expressly as an all-weather coat for the Winter Campaign, and is absolutely indispensable to the kit of every officer. The "Trencher" coat is made of closely woven double-proof yarn, with a thin oil-silk lining and an extra detachable fleece lining. Its texture is impervious to the heaviest storm, it does not cake with mud, and it is practically wire-proof. Light in weight, with the detachable fleece lining it is equally adaptable to muggy weather or the severest frost, and is an ideal protective coat for motoring.

By an ingenious device it is convertible from a short coat for waterlogged trenches to a long coat for driving rain. The "Trencher" is made in varied sizes to fit any figure, and may be ordered by post by stating chest measurement and height. The price is £5 15s. 6d., cash with order.

SERVICE DRESS.

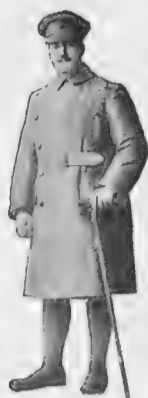
THERE is but one design for each garment of Officer's Kit, but there is an immensity of difference between the style imparted by the exclusive military tailor and those who have adopted this branch on the exigency of the moment. Only the finest quality khaki whipcords and baratheas are used, as the House is determined to maintain the reputation it has made, and refuses to supply Officers with any material or article of kit which cannot be absolutely guaranteed. The prices charged are reasonable because the House is one of the largest buyers of khaki in London.

Service Jackets	from £3 13 6
Slacks	£1 7 6
Bedford Cord Breeches (Buckskin Strapped) ..	£2 12 6
British Warm	£3 15 0
Service Great Coat	£4 14 6

New Naval and Military Kit List, containing particulars of every Service requirement, will be forwarded upon application.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
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MA'MOISELLE GABRIELLE.

By F. A. SYMONS.

TO the ordinary observer, Private Gaston Lefèvre, mud-stained and pitifully weary, was as any other of the thousand strong who marched into the village of Estrée Blanche at noonday.

In appearance there is little to differentiate one French infantryman from another. Nevertheless, there is just that little which may mean much. Had a student of physiognomy observed the faces of the men as they trudged up the road, halted, and piled arms, he would certainly have paused as his eyes met those of the man on the right of the last section of fours.

Nestling in a wooded valley, the village was glorious in its autumn tints of foliage. The babbling of a stream running parallel with the main street sounded cool and refreshing to men who had been marching since dawn. The cottages were alive with excitement. Young women hastened to don their prettiest frocks; old women, with parchment-like faces, grew garrulous. The number in solemn black was painfully conspicuous. But, fortunately, even mourning has its compensations. Is not black notoriously becoming?

The Maire soon had his *billets de logements* prepared. Billeting officers apportioned cottages, estaminets, and straw-sheds with the rapidity of long practice. The men, casting aside their accoutrements, wiped the sweat from their begrimed faces, and fell to lighting cooking-fires here, there, and everywhere. Those more fortunate found fires already waiting in cottage kitchens.

The estaminets were besieged by men ordering coffee before Gaston Lefèvre fully awoke to the fact that he was free to loll at ease. Within a few yards of where he stood the grey square tower of the church threw its shadow across the stream. Looking upwards, he appeared to be studying the architectural outlines of the building. Then, as if moved by unconscious impulse, he crossed himself, removed his képi, and entered the open door.

It was then, as the soldier fell upon his knees in prayer, that the student of character would have learned the solution he sought. Upon the crown of the bowed head there still remained the ring of a tonsure.

Even yet, after a hard fortnight of marching and counter-marching, Private Lefèvre frequently forgot to answer to his unfamiliar name. Amongst his Trappist brethren in the monastery nobody but the Abbot had known his baptismal name. The laws of France, however, permit of no class distinction. Virile manhood, in any guise, must answer to the call of war. Vows of silence, of seclusion from the world, count in the hour of national need as naught.

Brother Anselm, Trappist monk, arrayed in the blue coat and red breeches of an infantryman of the line, rose from his knees, stared at his képi as if awakened from a dream, sighed profoundly, and wandered forth once more into the sunlight. Despite his six years in the monastery, the face illumined by the noonday light could not have been that of a man over thirty.

In the door of a cottage not a dozen yards from the bridge stood a girl watching passing events. Novelty in the village was rare. Work all day and an estaminet in the cool of the evening provided the usual daily picture of life. It is but little to satisfy the heart of a pretty and vivacious girl. That Mademoiselle Gabrielle, leaning nonchalantly against the open door, was both was a fact indisputable.

The natural grace of the girl's figure lost nothing by her attitude. Officers, as well as men, by no means neglected to notice as much. To each gay compliment thrown to her, her lips curled in saucy scorn. Here and there, one more pressing than the next loitered to enter into conversation. Mademoiselle answered politely enough, but her lips smiled studied indifference. It was the mischievous light in the depths of her dark eyes which challenged.

Hunger, however, conquering gallantry, it was not long before Ma'moiselle Gabrielle's admirers had one and all departed to their billets. It was the hour of *déjeuner*.

Gaston, looking vaguely about for the squad with which he messed, caught a glance from Gabrielle, automatically dropped his eyes, and strode past her.

Indifference to her smile was something new to the girl. True to nature, that which it seemed she could not have she suddenly wanted most.

"Bon jour, M'sieu," she said sweetly.

Private Lefèvre halted, hesitated, and glanced over his shoulder.

"Bon jour, Ma'moiselle," he answered in the halting words of one unaccustomed to speech.

The single street for the moment was comparatively deserted. The soldiers, seated in all sorts of back premises, were already engaged with their well-earned meal.

With an expression of weariness, of which he himself was unconscious, Gaston looked up into the deeply fringed eyes bent upon him, and sighed.

"Could you—er—be kind enough to give me a cup of water, Ma'moiselle?" he asked humbly.

"But, yes, M'sieu," cried the girl. "If you will come inside, there is good cider as well as water."

The stiffly furnished little sitting-room opened into the kitchen. Gabrielle leading the way, her guest followed. The simple *déjeuner* of soup, potato salad, a good round loaf and butter, and a jug of cider, was already on the table. By the little stove sat an old woman in an arm-chair. The red-tiled floor was spotlessly clean and the stove shone like a mirror.

Gaston, without hesitation, refused a share of the meal. Mademoiselle, however, swayed by more than impulse, placed a chair for him herself, explained that her grandmother was deaf, and pressed a welcome which swept away his shy resistance like hypnotism. Slowly unstrapping his equipment, he dusted his coat, and glanced at his dirty hands. Why he found himself seated at the table when he thought he wished to go away he could not have explained.

[Continued overleaf.]



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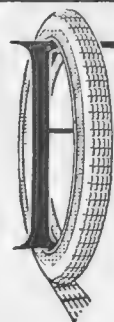
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(Continued.)

It is equally possible that little Gabrielle did not quite know why she had asked this strange soldier to share her meal. Certainly no such impulse would have acted on behalf of any of the others who had attempted cajoleries that morning. She knew her value too well for that. Things worth much are not to be won too easily.

The soldier with the ascetic face and sad eyes was decidedly *difficile*. Curiosity giving way to pique, the girl presently continued to eat in silence. It was, however, an unequal contest from the start. Brother Anselm might be shy and nervous, but in silence he found familiar solace. In truth, he knew not how to talk to this dainty little presence who faced him. And yet, as he grew accustomed to the situation, the less he felt inclined to move.

At last with a *moue* of impatience, Gabrielle leaned back in her chair.

"Are you a Frenchman, M'sieu?" she asked.

"Of course, Ma'moiselle," he replied in surprise. "Why?"

Laughing softly, she leaned her elbows on the table, and, with her face between her hands, demurely dropped her eyes.

"Because, M'sieu, a French soldier is gallant as well as brave," she answered. "But, perhaps, M'sieu, you are a woman-hater?"

Flushing deeply, Gaston put down his knife and fork, and nervously wiped his hands.

"I have not spoken to a—er—woman for more than six years," he stammered.

"What!" gasped the girl in unfeigned surprise. "Not seen a woman for six years?"

"Yes, Ma'moiselle," he answered. "I am a Trappist."

For some moments Gabrielle did not speak in words. It was the changing expression of her face that spoke. Realisation followed wonder, then came appreciation of opportunity ending in an ill-suppressed trill of merriment.

"Don't you think it is a nice world, now that you have seen it again, M'sieu?" she inquired naïvely. "In the afternoons, when I walk in the château park, I think it the most beautiful world." Rising to her feet, she looked up through the window at the sun, and with demure eyes turned to him again. "Perhaps, M'sieu, you would care to see the park and the château? It was built for a beautiful girl by her lover. Have you ever heard of Gabrielle d'Estrées in your monastery?"

"Mais non, Ma'moiselle."

"H'm! She was the beautiful girl. I am called after her, like this village was. My name is also Gabrielle, M'sieu."

An ordinary man, his eyes bent upon the graceful figure standing so close to him, could not have failed to respond to the opportunity for compliment. The girl, half-expectant, paused, then shrugged her shoulders ever so little, and began to clear the table.

A bugle-call drifting down the street awoke Private Lefebvre to a sense of his position. He sprang to his feet, rebuckled his equipment, and hurried towards the door. On the threshold he stopped and turned his head.

"Many thanks, Ma'moiselle Gabrielle," he said.

The girl, her face full of coquetry, smiled kindly.

"*Au revoir*, M'sieu," she cried. "If you do not march, there is a bed here better than a straw-shed."

Gaston passed into the street, which was now full of men. His own squad, leaning against the parapet of the bridge by the estaminet, were smoking postprandial cigarettes and discussing a two-days old *Le Matin*. Waiting to hear the reason for the bugle-call, his eyes instinctively sought the cottage near the church. There, in her characteristic attitude, again stood Gabrielle leaning against the door-post.

The bugle meant no more than a parade for the Orders of the Day. The regiment did not march that night. Mademoiselle Gabrielle, watching at sunset, saw a shy figure entering the church for vespers. When he emerged she boldly beckoned to him.

"Supper is waiting, M'sieu," she said softly.

The spirit of the monk had already begun to question the action of the soldier. Was it wise to accept? The danger of a woman's seductive smile had been taught him before entering the monastery. He hesitated. Then, blaming himself for suspicions of a creature so charitable, he followed the dictates of hunger.

During the few days in which the regiment rested, it was plain to all who cared to look that Ma'moiselle Gabrielle had eyes for no man but Private Gaston Lefebvre. Innocent of head-gear and daintily shod, she would lead him to wander in the old grounds of the château, gather nuts, and listen to her prattle. She invariably did the talking.

With each hour spent in Ma'moiselle's society Gaston seemed the more content to listen. The charm of environment, that the presence of the beautiful girl had hallowed, was hourly gaining an influence upon him which a lifetime might fail to dissipate. And yet no word or conscious gesture of love escaped him. What was in his heart, what hold she had gained of him, she could only seek to learn by watching and waiting.

That Gabrielle loved this silent man she made no attempt to deny to herself. The spirit of *diablerie* which had tempted her to enslave the recluse of a monastery had led her into a pitfall from which she struggled in vain to free herself. For the first time in her life of one-and-twenty years she longed with pent-up passion for the love of a man. It was decidedly a new and wonderful experience. She who had been loved by many waited for but one word from this dreamy man at her side to cast herself into his arms. But the last day had come, and still no syllable of the word for which she longed had he breathed.

The grey, turreted château, with its drawbridge and placid moat nestling amidst the poplars and limes, spoke of scenes of centuries. Beneath the shadow of a forest giant Gabrielle threw herself upon the grass and sighed.

"M'sieu Gaston," she said, "I wonder if poor Gabrielle d'Estrées was happy there. Her lover was a king. . . . He must have loved her much to have built her such a castle to live in. . . . Don't you think so, M'sieu Gaston?"

"Yes," he answered thoughtfully. "That is . . . if love can be so measured, Ma'moiselle."

(Continued overleaf.)



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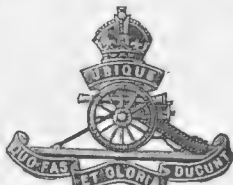
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Continued.]

Glancing upwards beneath her lashes at Gaston's profile, she laughed softly.

"You seem to have considered the matter, M'sieu Monk," she whispered.

The man's face suddenly flushed to his temples. He turned away, to peer with unseeing eyes into the forest.

"I know nothing of love, Ma'moiselle," he stammered hoarsely. "As you yourself have reminded me, I am but a monk."

"Ah, well," breathed the girl, "she must have been happy, or she would have died."

"Henry of Navarre was not a perfect king, Ma'moiselle, but he may have been a faithful lover," ventured Gaston, again leaning against the tree.

"I hope so," sighed Gabrielle. "Once I came here on a moonlight night and saw the figure of a woman in white standing by the drawbridge. It was nobody I had ever seen before." Dropping her voice, she glanced towards the moat. "I believe it was the spirit of Gabrielle."

"Perhaps," he agreed. "I believe that uneasy spirits visit us."

Gabrielle nodded her head, plucked a wild flower, and meditatively picked its petals one by one.

"I believe, M'sieu Gaston, that is what I should do, if I loved—and lost," she whispered with a tremor in her voice.

Gaston, stifling a groan, straightened himself.

"I must go, Ma'moiselle," he said. "Come! I have already—er—stayed too long."

The winter came and went. The mud of the trenches, the tragedy of high explosives, and even a wound which landed him in a hospital, failed to shake the spirit of Private Lefèvre. His silence had become proverbial. That beneath this habitual reticence burned a fire of contest none could know.

For six weary months, seated at night beside a brazier, or at his post in expectation of an attack, Gaston struggled vainly to forget. The figure of little Gabrielle of Estrée Blanche rose up before him at every turn of the road. His monkish vows held him in a grip of steel; this all-devouring passion for the girl of his life would not be drowned.

At last convalescent from hospital, he was offered a furlough. Spring was in the air. The perfume of blossoms drawing his thoughts into the channel of least resistance, a certain château park appeared before his mental vision in all its spring-time beauty, and with it came Gabrielle.

The monk sighed profoundly; but the soldier accepted the furlough.

Private Lefèvre, marching with soldierly swing, a week later, up the village street, was a different person from the shy man who had entered the place some months before. There was a light in his eyes which no man had ever seen before. It is true that he noticed the church *en passant*, but it was upon a cottage that his gaze remained.

Had he entered the cottage directly, there would probably have been no story to tell. Suddenly, however, upon the very threshold his courage failed him. What had he come to say—to do?

Passing the closed door, he walked to the top of the hill; then as slowly returned. His jaw firm-set and his pulses beating painfully, he knocked at the door.

It was for quite five minutes that he stood unheeded. He knocked again. Still no answer.

Knowing the door, he turned the handle and entered the house. Except for the ticking of the grandfather clock, all was silence. Fearing he knew not what, he strode across the kitchen.

The old woman, sitting by the stove as if she had not left it since he had last seen her, looked up with a withered smile.

"Bon' jour, M'sieu," she cackled.

"Where is Ma'moiselle Gabrielle, Madame?" he demanded.

"Little Gabrielle is dead."

Gaston, still weak from his wounds, clutched at a chair for support.

"Dead!" he gasped.

"But, yes, M'sieu," piped the ancient dame, nodding her head. "She left a message for you."

"Me! A message?"

"Oui, M'sieu," she mumbled. "Some message about—er—meeting you by the château in moonlight."

Gaston's mind was in a whirl. What he had intended to say had he found Gabrielle he had not known. Now, however, nothing in the world mattered.

"Château in the moonlight," he repeated. "Ah—yes, I remember. She said she would come."

Leaving the cottage with unseeing eyes, he wandered forth, indifferent to direction. Presently, however, his feet carrying him by a familiar path, he found himself standing beneath the self-same tree under which he had last stood with Gabrielle those weary months ago.

Throwing himself on the sod, he lay without moving until the darkness of night was upon him. That the spirit of the girl would come he did not doubt for a moment.

The château in the moonlight was as silent as a tomb. Rising at last to his feet, he strode across to the bridge and leaned his head upon his arm. He had heard of men killing themselves for love. Had any man ever loved as he had? Had any man ever before suffered as much?

"Gabrielle—my little Gabrielle—come to me!" he cried.

The sound of light footsteps on the grass awoke him to reality. A figure, which was decidedly not ghost-like, ran across twenty yards of space, stood for a moment looking up into his face, and then Gabrielle's arms were about his neck.

"Oh, *ma chérie*, is it true?" he breathed.

"That I am not dead?" she whispered between her kisses. "Yes, it is quite true. I saw you coming up the road. I told Grandmother what to say."

"Oh!" he cried. "But why? You don't know how I suffered."

"You must forgive me, my Gaston," she answered with her arms tightening about his neck. "It was only a girl's way of finding out if she was really loved. I have suffered, too."

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MADAME KIRKBY LUNN, whose portrait and autograph are reproduced above, is the famous Contralto of Covent Garden Opera House, and the Metropolitan Opera House, New York; and has delighted audiences in every part of the Empire with her wonderful voice. It is particularly gratifying to lovers of song, therefore, to know that this great artist "records" exclusively for "His Master's Voice" Gramophone. Her records reproduce the tonal purity of her matchless voice. Truly ought we to be grateful that such glorious tones can be perpetuated to give delight to those who cannot hear the great diva in person.



The Peacock Curtain.

Photograph by Mrs. G. A. Barton.



Cherry Lips.

This charming photograph shows Miss Helen Williams posing as the figure on a cover of "Vogue," at a Fashion Fair.

Photograph by Art Nouveau.



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THE GODDESS IN THE CAR.

FROM THE PAINTING BY RAPHAËL KIRCHNER.

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"LIZZIE."

(DEDICATED, WITHOUT PERMISSION, TO THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH.")

From the Painting by Raphael Kirchner. (Original in the Possession of the Bruton Galleries, Bruton Street, W.)



TIGER LILY.

FROM THE PAINTING, "DRS LYS," BY RAPHAËL KIRCHNER.

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THROUGH THE HEART.

FROM THE PAINTING BY RAPHAËL KIRCHNER.

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REFLECTIONS.

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DRAWN BY MACKENZIE.



THE OLDEST HAND-GRENADE.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



NOW THAT WOMEN ARE DOING MEN'S JOBS!

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



Blampied

"... THE ENEMY HAS BEEN, IN TURN, CHECKED, SHAKEN, AND THROWN BACK."

DRAWN BY E. BLAMPIED.



MR. OSTRICH (at three in the morning): Jusht my luck, getsh so hungry swallow ther latsch-key!

DRAWN BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



Snowflake !

Photograph of Miss Isobel Elsom by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

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TO H.M. THE KING

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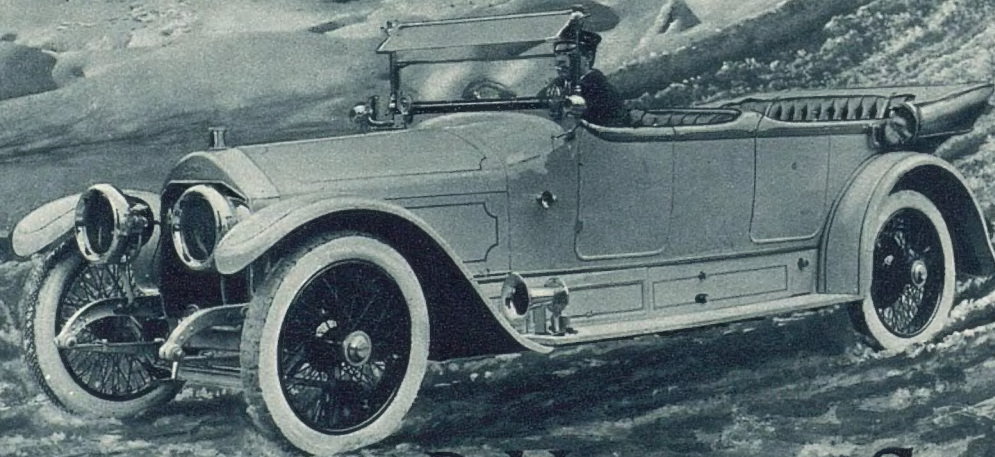
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